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CAMP LIFE

AS SEEN BY A CIVILIAN

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE

GEORGE BUCHANAN, A.M., M.D.

GLASGOW

JAMES MACLEHOSE, 61 ST. VINCENT STREET

PUBLISHER AND BOOKSELLER TO THE UNIVERSITY

1871

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TO

MY DEAR WIFE

29th MARCH

1871

DURING the period that I held a temporary Commission as Surgeon to the Hospitals established near the Seat of War, at the time of the Crimean Campaign, I took daily jottings of all that occurred around me; and, on my return home, I expanded these into a continuous narrative. The written volume has been read by many of my friends, and almost every one of them, on returning it, has expressed a desire that it should be published for more general perusal. It was not originally intended for publication; but, as the manuscript will not bear much more handling, I have now determined to

preserve its contents by having them printed. This will explain why the book is published fifteen years after it was written. The manuscript is printed almost verbatim, having been written while the events described, and the scenes portrayed, were fresh in my recollection.

GEORGE BUCHANAN.

193 BATH STREET, GLASGOW,
29th March, 1871.

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CAMP LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

ON the 25th of June, 1855, I rose at five a.m., and went on deck. All was life on board. The apathetic Turks who had been lying huddled together, presented the appearance of a huge mass swaying to and fro, as they got up from their recumbent posture to get a glimpse of the great city. The Franks on the quarter-deck were getting up on the companion or the gangways, or any point from which a view could be obtained. All was vivacity, all eagerness to catch the first view of the pinnacles of Constantinople.

Around, all was still and quiet. The breeze had died away, and we had distanced the flotilla of yesterday. Not a sail was in sight. Behind,

away in our wake, and on each side, spread the waters of the Sea of Marmora, as motionless, as flat, as smooth as a block of the marble from which it takes its name. Before us, in the distance, the coast was slightly obscured by a thin veil of mist which hung over the low hills, but a lighter streak close to the water showed where the buildings would soon be visible.

As we advanced, the sun dissipated the curtain and lighted up the whole panorama with the utmost brilliancy. When we drew near within a mile of the city, the scene which gradually unfolded itself baffles description. The Bosphorus, where it flows into the Sea of Marmora, is upwards of a mile wide, and divides the view into two parts. The hilly banks of the strait are seen away beyond, studded with the quaintest houses, towers, minarets, and tall dark trees. On its surface are floating all sorts of vessels, from that motionless hulk which serves as a Turkish hospital-ship, to that almost invisible needle which skims like lightning, hardly touching the water. The left half of the picture is Stamboul, a dense mass of dark houses, clustering

one above another to the summit of a low hill, which is crowned by a huge dome and four brilliant white needle-like minarets, which we at once knew to be the Mosque of St. Sophia. In strong contrast to the picturesque, but sombre, mass behind, the white and dazzling buildings and fresh green gardens of the Seraglio—among which quaint columns and domes, and stately trees are interspersed—creep out into the stream.

On the opposite side of the strait, perched upon the steep cliffs, we recognise at a single glance the four white towers and square courts of the Barrack Hospital of Scutari, grouped behind which we see the irregular and truly Turkish village, and, extending around both, the dark green foliage of the cypress trees of the cemetery. The whole landscape is Eastern to a degree.

Soon the steamer reaches Seraglio point, and turning abruptly to the left enters a bay, between two parts of the city, about half-a-mile wide and extending far up into the country. This is the Golden Horn or harbour of Constantinople, of such depth that a man-of-war is anchored at the very bank, and of a size which could contain all

the navies of Europe. We steered in among vessels of every conceivable rig and of every nation. Here are two hospital ships, old Turkish hulks, covered in with boards. Close by, a wicked-looking schooner with bright brass guns; the Turkish ensign, red with a yellow crescent, at the peak. There, is a French man-of-war under steam with a transport in tow—with draughts for the Crimea. On the opposite shore are the offices of our Admiralty, and off them is anchored an old 74 with Admiral Grey's flag. But the whole harbour is crammed with vessels in seemingly bewildering confusion; dozens are moored in rows, and yet there is a constant movement of smaller lighters and luggage punts, and whole shoals of caïques, or needle-shaped skiffs, which shoot about like magic. We have hardly time to notice these scenes, and the infinite variety of costume and character, which burst on the eye with all the rapidity and medley of a harlequinade, when down goes the anchor, and we are moored alongside two other Austrian steamers of the same company.

And now for ashore. Had I been alone, I

would have gone down to the cabin, locked up my luggage, and calmly waited till evening, in the hope of getting away without beginning the war till I was somewhat a match for the enemy; for such a scene as presented itself around the steamer was most appalling. The only thing to which I can compare it, is the descriptions we have of South Sea voyagers surrounded by shoals of canoes filled with cannibal savages, and I defy the savages to make such an unearthly noise. For about twenty yards round the vessel you could see nothing of the sea, so closely were the boats jammed in, each hoping to get first to the gangway. Not one was allowed to touch the ladder till the health boat gave permission, the surgeon having gone ashore with the ship's papers to report a clean bill of health. As there was the delay of a quarter of an hour, during which the boatmen were kept off from the passengers, they appeased their eagerness by fighting among each other till they could attack their prey. The boatmen were Turks, Greeks, Ionians, and Maltese, and what a babel of tongues! The mystery was that there was

not murder, but I presume boatmen have some magical tenacity of life.

Bikelas, Borkheim—two fellow-travellers whom I had met at Smyrna—and I, agreed to go ashore together; so we managed very well. When the enemy got on deck, which they did by ladder and ropes, and at every conceivable point, we stood our ground, entrenching ourselves behind our luggage, beating off the assailants until Borkheim engaged a Greek whose boat was pointed out to us some three rows off from the ship. Seizing my portmanteau, and beckoning me to follow, he got down the ladder; and, by dint of pushing and pulling with great perseverance, I was at last seated in the boat. Several boatmen endeavoured to capture me in passing, but I pushed on. In about ten minutes Borkheim got down beside me, and we had to wait as long for Bikelas; and all this time we were actively engaged in keeping the boat from being swamped, for the boats were so closely wedged together, that sometimes one was fairly forced up between its two neighbours, sometimes nearly pushed under water by the gunwales of those beside it.

At last we shoved off from the crowd, and moved in to the shore. I had no leisure to notice the hundred sights of this celebrated landing place; only, one prominent object arrests the attention of all who land at Galata bridge—a huge board bearing the sign, "Dr. Glascott's Surgery."

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view"—truer of Constantinople than any other place. You could not conceive a more gorgeous landscape than the swift-flowing Bosphorus, with its palaces, mosques, minarets, and cypress groves, or a more lovely city than the one that guards its outlet. You could conceive nothing more filthy and disgusting than the wharf of Galata. We stepped ashore, and Bikelas at once recognised a friend of his who happened to be at the wharf about some goods. A hamal or porter was at once engaged, and, piling our portmanteaus on his back, he led the way to a hotel. We went along through some narrow ill-paved lanes, and then commenced the ascent of a steep hill with a horrid causeway. Whole crowds of people of every nation were streaming along, but I seemed

to be amazed at nothing more than that I should be one of them. There were British and French soldiers, Indian officers, Zouaves, marines, sailors, and lots of men with unknown uniforms, Greeks, Italians, and the Turks; but, most wonderful of all, the hamal in front toiling up the hill like a beast of burden with the tower of luggage on his back. At the top of this hill we came to a long street with shops on each side, bearing French and Italian signs, "*Magasin de Nouveautés*," "*Marchand d'Habits*," "*Confiseur*," &c., just like a narrow back-street in Paris. This, I learned, was the district of Pera or the Frank quarter, and the people, except some undoubted Turks, looked much like French. At last we came to a gateway and entered the Hotel de Globe, where Borkheim and I took quarters at sixteen francs a day, meals included.

Breakfast was just being served, and we joined; after which, the hotel people being French, I enquired the whereabouts of the different staffs of the British army. I learned that the Renkioi men, to whom I belonged, were in quarters at Scutari; and I also found that Therapia, where

my friend Dr. Davidson was quartered, was at a convenient distance, and that a steamer started for it at ten o'clock. As I could have no better informant than he, I lost no time in hastening back through the narrow streets to the wharf at Galata; and, seeing a steamer whizzing off its steam, I shouted out Therapia, and was passed along a plank into a little steamer bound for the Bosphorus.

Seating myself on a little stool of which there were plenty standing about, I asked a young man in undress uniform about Therapia. He was an interpreter to the Turkish contingent, and was proceeding on duty to Buyukdere, where they were encamped. He pointed out the various villages as we passed along, procured my ticket for me, and was very attentive. It was a lovely morning, and the scene was most enlivening. The banks of the Bosphorus, which varies from a mile to a mile and a half or two miles broad, are lined with one continuous row of houses, gardens, mosques, palaces, castles, forts and cypress groves, and cemeteries. Several of the mosques and palaces, which stand down on the water's edge,

are of pure white marble, and with their domes, pillars, and needle-like minarets, are most quaint and striking. Numberless caïques of all sizes, the passengers in the most varied costume, flitted about, and the whole scene was enchanting.

Many a time afterwards have I sailed through that picturesque channel, and every time I have seen some new beauty to admire.

It takes an hour and a half to reach Therapia, sailing against the current. Landing at a little pier, I asked an English sailor boy if he could point out the hospital. He was going there; and I found I had fallen in with Dr. Davidson's servant. In a few minutes I was reclining on the divan in his quarters, inhaling the fresh breeze which was blowing in from the Black Sea. Davidson came in, just what I had seen him a year and a half ago—the only specimen of a real Briton I have seen since I left home. The white hat, surtout, and shaved face were refreshing to see. After mutual greetings, with the eye of a sailor, seeing I was fresh off the water, he at once pointed out the bathing box, and in a few minutes

I was enjoying the luxury of a swim in the clear, cold stream of the Bosphorus.

Of all the charming spots on this strait, Therapia is probably the most charming. There is a bay about half a mile wide, forming a safe harbour, where a number of Sardinian vessels were taking in stores, and one or two French and English steam frigates moored off as guard ships. The bay is encompassed by hills, which swell gradually up from the water's brink, leaving a narrow strip of land, on which the village is built,—a single row of tumble-down, wooden houses, very pretty from the water, but forming no exception to the squalor which is the accompaniment of all Turkish towns and villages. Towards the two points which bound the bay, and along the shore beyond these, are handsome houses with gardens—the favourite residences of the Franks of Constantinople—and at one side of the bay is a kiosk, or summer palace of the Sultan, now occupied as our naval hospital. A little beyond the other point is the residence of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. The houses are built on the very edge of the water—only a

narrow path, about three or four feet in width intervening; and quite close to the bank the water is of great depth, so that you can walk by a short plank into the stern of a frigate, which lies moored with its rudder against the footpath. In some parts, you can see that alongside this footpath the depth is from four to six feet, at others you can see no bottom, the brink being rock. There is no tide in the Bosphorus, so the water is constantly at the distance of from one to four feet below the level of the path. The head wave from a large steamer often washes over the road, which is anything but pleasant to a by-passer. I have seen steamers landing passengers at convenient parts of this path, where there was no regular landing-place, just running in and stopping where some one wanted to get out. You can fish without any trouble in these parts. I have seen very imposing-looking patriarchs sitting in their summer villas with a fishing-rod sticking out at the window.

The Bosphorus is quite two miles broad here, there being a large sweep of the Asiatic coast

opposite, forming the Bay of Beïkos, where the Allied fleets were moored before entering the Black Sea. At present, several British, French, and Turkish men-of-war were anchored there; among them the "Miranda," lately commanded by Captain Lyons.

After being a little rested, I visited the hospital with Dr. Davidson. A large wooden house in three floors, clean, well-aired, and comfortable, capable of holding 150 patients. At present the beds were not all filled, the health of the fleet being favourable. There is a large and beautiful airing ground attached, but that I saw better on a subsequent visit. Coming out of the hospital, we met a gentleman, whom I took, from his civilian dress, to be a youth of the diplomatic corps. He came to make arrangements about the burial of Captain Lyons, who had died of his wounds the day before. This gentleman, the son of Admiral Lyons, the idol of the fleet, had sustained a compound fracture of the leg on the 18th, and had begged the surgeons to save the limb. He was brought down to Therapia in his own ship, the "Miranda," but before he reached the hospital

mortification had set in, and he died in a few days, to the great grief of his men, and all who knew him. From his relationship to the Admiral, his bravery, and character, his burial was to be with naval honours.

Overhearing Dr. Davidson address his friend as Mr. Brodie, after their business was finished I presented a card of introduction from Mr. James Blair, with whom he had been acquainted. We had some conversation together, and I met him occasionally afterwards. He was an attaché of the British embassy.

I dined at the hospital mess with Drs. Davidson, Dalby, Stewart, Irvine, and Ward, and Mr. MacKenzie, interim chaplain, son-in-law of Dr. Chalmers. It was very quiet—they all seemed affected at the loss of Captain Lyons. He must have been a brave and noble man, for his influence to have been so widely felt.

It was a luxury to taste the old home diet—soup, roast mutton, pudding, and a glass of sherry.

The funeral took place at six o'clock. So the first episode of the war which I saw was the

funeral of a brave and lamented officer. I felt melancholy and depressed. An hour or two after landing from my tour, hitherto of pleasure, I experienced that I was among the dread realities of war. Every one was touched; each seemed to have lost a friend.

It was an imposing ceremony, the sailor's funeral. They collected on the bank of the Bosphorus where the pathway was broad, in front of the kiosk where his remains were lying. They marched along slowly past the quarters, and, as the window looked out to the path, I saw every one as he went by. First came a party of marines — English, French, Turkish, and Sardinian. Then the band, playing the "Dead March," the drum muffled with crape; then the men of the "Miranda;" then the coffin, with his hat and sword on the top, borne on handspikes by the marines and sailors; then his officers in full dress, with crape mourning. Next Admiral Grey, accompanied by the French and Turkish Rear-Admirals, and the chaplains; then the hospital staff in full dress; then a crowd composed of sailors of all the fleets, the attachés of the

embassies, &c. I mixed with the crowd, and followed up into a little glen shaded with trees, where the new-made graves showed that this was the cemetery. Mr. MacKenzie, at that time acting in the capacity of chaplain, read the burial service of the Church of England. Beside him stood Mr. Pydduck, chaplain from Scutari, and also the priest of the French Admiral's ship. I have often seen clergymen of different Protestant denominations on the same platform, and joining in the same services, but surely it was an evidence that his loss was very deeply felt, when a Roman Catholic priest said "Amen" to a prayer read by a Presbyterian minister over Captain Lyons' grave.

The burial service over, the people dispersed; and the band led the way, playing up a cheery tune; and there was a bustle to get into the boats, and row back to the ships; and the officers of the "Miranda" came to tea to the hospital, and things moved on as before. Dr. Corbet of the "Miranda," a stout man nearly smothered in crape, recognised me. I had seen him when he was on a visit to Glasgow.

26th.— Left by the steamer at ten, and on arriving at the Hôtel de Globe in Pera, I found my companions, Bikelas and Borkheim, in a state of frantic grief. They were on the point of sending out a crier, or some such herald, in search of a lost man. Not knowing that I had a friend at Therapia, they imagined I had fallen among thieves, and was kidnapped, or tipped into the Bosphorus or some place of durance. However, I told them to be in no anxiety about me, for I had plenty of compatriots going about. Borkheim introduced me to his brother, who was returning home from the Crimea. Being rather afraid of his health, he asked me to prescribe for him, which I did.

I now set out alone for a stroll through the streets, or rather passages, for they do not deserve the name of streets. Passing across the bridge of boats, which floats on the Golden Horn, I stepped on to the Turkish quarter, or Stamboul. Gorgeous when seen from the water, or even from the other side of the harbour, the whole illusion vanishes as you thread your way through the lanes, between rows of shaky, cranky wooden

houses, of one or two storeys. The road is paved with irregular rounded stones, two or three inches apart, which forms a path admirably suited for doing penance on, and peculiarly adapted for twisting your ankles out of joint. When it is remembered that the sun is beating with scorching heat, and that not a breath of air can penetrate into that labyrinth of passages, some idea may be formed of the pleasure of walking in Stamboul. Ponies may be had for hire, with a boy-guide to whip them up from behind; but being no great equestrian, I feared the "*sella Tursica*." There are a few carriages belonging to the Pashas and harems, but a ride in those conveyances, even if attainable, would be far from desirable. The mode of progression is of the most spasmodic kind—the vehicle bolting from stone to stone, like a cricket-ball on a ploughed field. I have seen a Pasha jolting along in his state-carriage, holding on with a hand on each door, to prevent his being pitched right out like the pellet of a tow-gun. It reminded me of the countryman, who, being escorted in a sedan-chair which had lost its flooring, remarked, that if it

were not for the honour of the thing, he would much rather have walked. So I loitered on, staring like a country bumpkin at every queer sight which presented itself. The first place I visited was a mosque. The door was open, and the devout were at prayers. Knowing the custom of the country, I merely peeped in, as I had not the proper apparatus for putting on my shoes, which I must have taken off if I had gone inside. The mosque was a large square building without seats, and had no altar, or any other erection, to catch the eye. But all the people, who were at prayers, on their knees, were bending, and pressing their foreheads on the ground, looking in one direction, which I presumed was towards Mecca.

I next came to a large, lofty arcade, with a few windows on the top; and by the peculiar rich and aromatic odours, I at once knew I was in the Drug Bazaar. This consists of a double row of stalls of the most primitive kind, little boxes which can be shut up by a folding-door, the hinges of which are about two feet from the ground. When the salesman opens his shop, he folds down the door, supports it on two legs, and this forms

the counter, on which he spreads samples of his wares; then, placing a little carpet on one corner, he squats there with his tchibouck, and smokes away till providence sends him a buyer. In the Drug Bazaar, the men are true original Turks of the most phlegmatic kind, never exhibiting the slightest sign of anxiety for a purchaser. It was most delicious to lounge through this arcade—the aromatic odours, the subdued light, the pleasant coolness, being such a contrast to the heat and glare outside.

Coming out of it, I was assailed by a host of boys. "Vill show you Bazaar, sir." "Go to St. Sophia, Captain?" and a lot of equally polite offers. So, to save time, and get quit of the rest, I got an urchin to lead me to the Grand Bazaar. This curious and wonderful market has been so often described that it is well known. It consists of an enormous square, cut into a vast number of arcades, each similar to the Drug Bazaar just mentioned, and lined with stalls for the sale of every sort of manufactured goods. There are quarters for the different kinds of goods. There are places for stalls for the sale of slippers, caps,

robes, sashes, perfumes, pipes, &c., &c. It is a most amusing sight, the traffic, but I had not time to see it all at once; it requires repeated visits to understand the Turkish system of doing business.

In the afternoon I stepped on board the steamer for Scutari, to find out my own quarters. A Bosphorus steamer is a study in itself. The vessel is just similar to one of our old-fashioned Clyde boats. The engineer is usually an Englishman or Scotchman, retaining his fustian costume and his honest accent among the motley crew around. The captain is dressed like a Turkish officer, and uses a speaking-trumpet, else he would not be heard amidst the Babel-howling of the port. The after part of the deck is divided into two. Quite at the stern a part is railed off, and covered, top and sides, with canvass for the women. It is not etiquette in Turkey for the men to associate with the inferior beings, as they are thought! So there is a sort of pen cut off, into which they are packed without any regard to comfort. I have seen women—handsome, delicate girls—you would call them ladies in our

country—standing packed together in this little corner, while men outside were sitting on chairs, without the slightest regard to the requirements of the ladies.

The boat was much crowded with people of all sorts, but chiefly Turks, as Scutari is principally inhabited by *bonâ fide* Moslems. On the way over I spoke to a man, in French, who knew the whereabouts of the quarters; and in company with him I made my way through the lower parts of the town. He directed me to the main street of the hill part, at the end of which is the great gate of the Barrack Hospital, called in military language "The Main Guard." I found numbers of soldiers in undress lingering about, and asked several of them for my quarters; but I need hardly say that no one seemed to know anything about anybody but himself. I found it would be a hopeless task to ask for the quarters of the Renkioi Staff, so I inquired at the Main Guard for Mr. M'Nair, the Protestant chaplain, and for Dr. Aitken, the pathologist, neither of whom seemed to be known any better than myself. However, I was directed to Chaplain House,

where I hoped to get some definite information. Proceeding to it, I found that the only man I could see never had heard of Mr. M'Nair; and I was in despair, when I caught the words "Dr. Pincoffs up stairs," and I went up to make a last effort. Dr. Pincoffs was out, but Mrs. Pincoffs I saw. I might describe the luxury of the house, but, as all the quarters were much alike, and I afterwards came to make some allowances for the exigencies of the war, it would not be fair to put down the heart-sinking I felt at the prospect of living in that manner. Mrs. Pincoffs never had heard of Mr. M'Nair, but, to my delight, knew Dr. Aitken well, and directed me where to go. On the way, through a labyrinth of narrow streets, among wooden houses, I met Aitken, who conducted me to his residence. We had a long chat about our affairs, and arranged that I should come over next day, and be introduced to my colleagues at my own quarters. In the evening I stepped into a caïque, meeting another man who was going across, and soon after we were skimming over the swift, dark stream. Landing at Tophana, I climbed up the steep street to Pera,

which is directly above the quay of Tophana, or the arsenal.

27th.—According to appointment, went to the Admiralty offices to meet Dr. Davidson. They are on the quay between Tophana and the pier at Galata. What clean, trig men there were on duty, compared to the lazy, greasy fellows that were hulking about the vessels in harbour! Davidson introduced me to Captain Powell, who was the conductor of the first vessel into Balaclava. He is the superintendent of the transport service, and readily promised me a passage in the first vessel going up the Black Sea. He handed me over to Mr. Shepphard, who had charge of making out the orders, and I found him afterwards very obliging. I got an order for a passage on board the "Queen of the South," No. 135, which was to sail next day for Balaclava.

I next repaired to the banker's, and got some circular notes changed into Turkish money. The money current in Turkey just now is of various kinds. By far the most useful is our own English money, or French. Austrian silver and copper is also current, but it is more

difficult to calculate. The Turkish money is all in notes of ten and twenty piastres each. The piastre varies with the exchange, but usually seven piastres to the shilling was the amount. There are some larger notes, but the ten and twenty piastres were most used, and the bankers have them made up in little bales, which they count out in paying a large sum. I saw a man come in for the payment of a large amount, and he brought a good-sized sack to carry away the notes. I was there about an hour waiting for the cashier, who was out at luncheon, and the man who was drawing the money had been all that time counting the little bales and had not half finished when I left.

Hansom & Co. are the principal bankers, in the hill street leading up to Galata tower, and they set apart a pleasant darkened room for English newspapers, where their English customers can sit and read the newspapers. There is a Turkish café over the way, where you can get a glass of fresh lemonade and a slice of sponge-cake, which they make very good in Constantinople.

Met Dr. Aitken at Hansom's by appointment,

and went a-shopping with him. In the street close by are the principal English shops and offices, agents of steam vessels and parcel delivery company, and stores of provisions. The "English Stores," and that of "Gordon & Darlington," were amusing places to visit. "Stampa," an Italian, has the largest business, having been established there before the war, and having had the first of it. Besides all sorts of provisions, he deals in articles of furnishing, and you can get an outfit of any sort without much delay. He puts his own price on his articles, and therefore must have made a large fortune. None of the Turkish shops have any signs written over the door, and Stampa is said to have procured an immense amount of business by the simple expedient of painting up his name. It was always a most amusing occupation to go about shopping; the only difficulty was to know when to stop, for you saw so many things which you wanted that it was a hard matter to pull up. After visiting the shops, we went down to Galata to take a boat to cross to Scutari with our purchases.

As I soon came to speak of the several districts of Constantinople by separate names, it may be as well to give here a general idea of the city. Scutari lies on the other side of the Bosphorus, which is here a mile wide, and therefore is quite separated from Constantinople. The city itself is divided into two by the Golden Horn, the two banks of which are now connected by a bridge of boats. On the side next the Sea of Marmora is the true Turkish quarter, where there are no Christian residents and most of the shopmen are Turks, although, now, the Armenians and Greeks are so mixed up with the Turks that there are no places except the mosques which are exclusively Turkish. This part of the city is of great extent, and contains the Seraglio and many mosques as well as the bazaars. It is always called Stamboul. It is usual for strangers to speak of Constantinople, but on the Bosphorus that has no precise meaning. You are supposed to be at Constantinople anywhere on the Bosphorus, for it would be difficult to point out where the suburbs end and the adjoining village begins. A new-comer

soon learns that if he wishes any precise meaning to be attached to his words, he must specify whether he means to go to Stamboul, or Pera, or Galata, &c.

On the opposite side of the Golden Horn is the Frank quarter, composed of three districts —Galata, Pera, and Tophana. Galata is the Broomielaw of the city. It extends along the shore of the Golden Horn, as far out as the turn into the Bosphorus. It also runs back a good way. The houses are built into the water, so as easily to serve as stores for merchandise, which is hoisted out of boats lying alongside. A long street—at least a mile—extends parallel to the bank, and from this a hill rises rapidly. At the top of the hill is a round tower—Galata fire-watch tower. To this two streets converge from different points of the long street — one from Galata bridge, where the landing-pier is, the other from a quarter of a mile up the Golden Horn. These two streets are very steep, and towards the top the causeway is laid somewhat like steps, to assist walkers in the ascent. It may be conceived what effect that arrangement would

have on a carriage coming down. Between the two streets are cross streets and lanes, in which the principal English and French warehouses are situated—Grace, the agent for Burns' steamers, Wheatly & Co., the French Messageries Imperiales, Bankers, &c.

The bank of the Golden Horn beyond Galata, and round along the shore of the Bosphorus, is Tophana, or "The Arsenal"—so called because at its further extremity is a Turkish arsenal. Like Galata, it contains a number of mercantile warehouses, but principally consists of little workshops for the manufacture of trunks, furniture, quilts, &c. A very winding street leads up the steep hill which rises from Tophana, along which are numerous little workshops for the manufacture of pipes and pipe-tubes. In this street also are the Army Post Office and the Hôtel d'Angleterre, and quite at the top of the hill, at the corner of this street, is the far-famed, well-known resort of the English in the East—Misserie's Hôtel.

The hill above Galata and Tophana is Pera. The houses are built of stone of the French shape, and altogether it looks like a little French or

Italian town. Pera is the residence of the European Ambassadors, and of the French merchants. The views from the windows of the hotel are very fine—commanding the Golden Horn, Bosphorus, Stamboul, and the opening of the Sea of Marmora.

Crossed to Scutari, and dined at Aitken's. Introduced to Mr. Robertson, purveyor to the Army, Mr. T. O. Hagger, purveyor's clerk, and Dr. Doyle, third pathologist; Robertson, a clever, quiet, pleasant man; Hagger, a rather fast young man; Doyle, a red-hot Irishman, with a strong, rich brogue. The dinner was too highly spiced with unknown herbs for my taste, being cooked by a Maltese, but the rice pudding and wine were excellent. In the evening Dr. Aitken took me to my Renkioi friends, who introduced me to my quarters. "Candia House"—such was the dignified name of our abode—was a large wooden, rickety building, of ancient date, at least it was the worse of wear, as you could see through between the planks of the walls. You entered by a large gate into a hall, with an earthen floor, from which doors led into kitchen,

or servant's room, and into the garden and yard. The habitable part of the house was on the first floor. The characteristic of all Turkish houses is the immense size of the lobbies or halls, which are used as the dining and sitting places—bed-rooms opening off from this. There is thus a free current of air through the house, which is kept pleasantly cool. Of course there is a great waste of space, but the cool breeze blowing through the hall is a great comfort in the heat of summer.

From this large hall bed-rooms lead off at each end and in the centre. It seems to be an object in all Turkish houses, to have the rooms as free as possible from the central part of the house, so as to have a part, at least, of three sides of the room projecting from the main building. There can thus be windows on three sides, and this is usually the case. Being only a temporary residence, Candia House was neither fully nor elegantly furnished—the hall furniture consisting of a table with a packed-up saddle at each end for a chair, and a rude bench at each side; while a gigantic flower-pot turned upside down served for

a sideboard. My bed-room, which was formerly used by one of the staff, at present absent on an excursion, boasted of a bed and nothing else. The present occupants of this house were Dr. Dixon, Dr. Reid, and Mr. Maunder, with whom I became better acquainted afterwards.

28th.—Went to see my travelling companion, Borkheim, at Hôtel de Globe. Found he had got a passage for Balaclava. Went with him to visit his brother who was on the way home to Germany on business. The firm of which he is a partner is making a great deal of money as general dealers in the Crimea. He consulted me medically, being in great terror of cholera which had been in camp before he came away.

Next went to Hôtel d'Angleterre, to meet Davidson. He was coming to stay a short time in Pera, to meet his intended wife, who was on her way out from England. The Burns' steamer was due this afternoon, and Davidson was to be in waiting to be married next morning. The Ambassador was to give legal effect to it, and the Rev. Mr. M'Kenzie from Therapia was in attendance to solemnize the marriage in due form. As there

was no news of the steamer, and no prospect of her that afternoon, Dr. Davidson, Mr. M'Kenzie, and I took a caïque, and visited the new palace of the Sultan in process of finishing, about two miles beyond Tophana. One of the first things which strikes a stranger on the Bosphorus is the immense number of palaces. It seems that it is the policy of the Sultans always to have a palace in an unfinished state. Popular superstition has it, that when the Sultans cease to build palaces Turkey will be on the decline, and it is the endeavour of their ministers always to have one of the palaces in a progressive state. The one we went to visit is a most magnificent affair, built of pure white stone and in many parts faced with white marble. The minarets are pure marble, as also the pillars, pilasters and gateways. Many parts of the exterior are gilded, and the whole has a most dazzling appearance. The quays in front, lining the Bosphorus, are marble, and, when reflected in the water, the scene is enchanting. Rowing up to a part where the buildings seemed unfinished, we jumped out on the marble quay, and made our way into the railed

enclosure in front of the palace. We walked up to a part where there was a scaffolding in the interior, and tried to enter, but there seemed to be no way of getting in except by the regular custodier, and we had no firman; however, looking carefully about, I espied a door only fastened by a plank laid against it inside, which I soon threw down, and, pushing open the door, we walked into the forbidden ground. We soon came to a large hall, the main hall of the palace, where men were at work, but no one seemed to challenge us now we were in. I can't describe the interior of buildings, but this was a splendid hall, like a mosque, with a cupola at the top—the marble pillars and cornices richly carved, and the walls painted in the richest Italian style. From this we made our way into a number of other apartments opening out of a corridor, all ornamented in the same rich way, till ascending a staircase of white marble we came to a small hall, also of marble, lighted by a cupola of red and blue glass, which threw a stream of variegated light on the floor. Two doors opened off from this; and we were about to

poke our way on, when two black slaves made their appearance, and promptly thrust us back with great indignation. Presently a Turkish attendant came up, and, with much gesticulation, and speaking under his breath, motioned us away. We coaxed him with the usual "Bono Johnny," and exhibited some coins, when, after a little to-do, he made us take off our shoes and carry them in our hands, and led the way further on. We were now visiting the baths, which were of the most luxurious description. Further on, I will describe a Turkish bath; but at present all I observed was, that we passed through a series of little chambers, the floors, walls and roofs of which were of pure alabaster of the most costly kind. Only a subdued light came in through little blue glazed windows, and you could not conceive anything which would give a more vivid idea of Eastern luxury. If the tenth part of the money which must be spent annually on the finishing of that palace, were laid out on repairing and improving the streets of Galata and Pera, the city would soon become a different place from what it is.

Returning to Scutari in the afternoon, I told the caïdji, or rower, to take me out to the "Queen of the South." Several vessels were lying moored off Scutari, waiting for sailing orders, but none shewed the name of my ship, nor shewed No. 135. I espied one very handsome vessel, without either name or number, and on hailing her she turned out to be No. 135. The men, in disgust at the transport service, had painted out her name and number: I was much astonished that this was permitted, for serious mistakes might have occurred from it. Going on board, I found she was a large and very elegantly fitted ship, with every luxury suited to a warm climate, having been on the South American Station. Presenting my Admiralty order, I was told to be on board next day at twelve.

Spent the evening at quarters with the three Renkioi men, and, being tired, we retired early to bed—partly because we had no work to do, and partly because the candle barely lighted the great rambling hall in which we sat. I had been mysteriously fed the last two days, and in my ignorance wished to pay my share of the mess; but

was informed that the viands were provided by Government, and that there was no need of my getting rations, as they drew more meat than they could consume—three of the party being away on a tour at Broosa. We were waited on by three men-servants, who had been brought out from Edinburgh, in one of whom, by previous arrangement, I was to have a share when we reached our destination at Renkioi. In the meantime I was attended by one "Gibson," whose laborious duties consisted in carrying away my shoes at night, and bringing them back clean, for which toil he was paid the salary of two guineas a-week, in consideration of his becoming a voluntary exile from his native Edinburgh.

29th.—This morning called on Dr. Aitken, and found his chum Hagger ill—symptoms of dysentery. Aitken and he slept in the same room, to leave a spare one for the mess room. Found Hagger had been a pupil of Mons. Marzial's at Lille, and took some interest in him, as I had been a boarder with the same gentleman.

Went, accompanied by Aitken, on board "Queen of the South." Steam not up. Horses

being hoisted aboard for Artillery. Captain away to the Admiralty for sailing orders. While there, and uncertain when she would go, we had luncheon with the officers of the vessel and a captain of Artillery. Luncheon was not over when a shout got up, "The Captain has come aboard," and has brought orders for "Home." What a huzzaing and capering about! The poor fellows seemed to be frantic with joy at the prospect of getting back to England. So here was a large transport, now laden with artillery waggons, and several horses, and all ready to start, with a draft of recovered men, for Balaclava, suddenly ordered to wheel about, discharge her cargo, and sail for home. No chance of getting to the Crimea in her; so I got a caïque, and, without more ado, went straight to the Admiralty, where I told Captain Powell the state of the case. He again handed me to Mr. Shepphard, who at once gave me an order for the vessel in which the passengers of the other were to go—"The Brandon."

On going out to the "Brandon," I found her a Glasgow and Limerick screw steamer, of small

dimensions compared to the other. She had just come in with sick from the camp—fever, dysentery, &c.—and they were going to send her off instanter. But the captain said they would take the whole of that day to unload, and to-morrow morning to ship the goods from No. 135. So I went ashore, and again appeared to my Renkioi friends. We spent the day in a "*dolce far niente*" way. The heat was too great for going out, and we just lounged about till the cool of the evening.

30th.—This morning I repeated my visit to the "Brandon," but the captain properly refused to take men aboard till she had been aired for a day. So he said I need not come till I saw the steam up, and he would hoist the "blue Peter" some hours before sailing. Once again I returned to Candia House; and these repeated visits to transports in the hope of getting away, and re-appearances, with my little knapsack on my back, gave great amusement to my friends, who vowed I should never get up to the Crimea, I had made so many false starts.

To vary the monotony of this kind of life, we sometimes bathed. I could not go far away, as I

might miss the vessel; and I was determined that I would see the Crimea. We bathed at a little pier which projected a short way into the Bosphorus, near our house. This landing-place is called Isania, and is very convenient when crossing from Galata. From this jetty you can jump into deep water, and so avoid the necessity of wading in from the shore—a proceeding attended with great disadvantage, in consequence of the foul state of the water. I need hardly say that the stream of the Bosphorus runs down at a great rate out of the Black Sea, so that the current in the centre is rushing at the rate of from five to seven miles an hour. At the sides, partly from the resistance and friction, partly from projecting points, the current is slow, or, in some places, even retrograde. The rapid water strikes against Seraglio point, and one part of the stream rushes into the Golden Horn, thus forming an enormous eddy, which has the effect of keeping the harbour pretty clear. Close to the banks, however, the offal and filth are difficult to clear out.

On the Scutari side the current is broken by

a remarkable rock, called the Maiden's, or Leander's Tower—so named from the prison on it, a conspicuous object in the Bosphorus, in which, as the legend goes, Hero was confined, and was visited by her lover, who swam out during dark. This rock divides the stream, the part nearer Scutari being much broken in force, the stronger part outside sweeping round towards the point on which the Barracks are built, and striking on it is deflected round a little bay, so that the stream now turns up the Bosphorus. The boatmen take advantage of this counter-current when they row across to Galata—first skirting the shore up beyond Isania, under lee of the Maiden's Tower, then being whirled down into the Golden Horn by the rapid current, and the eddy at the Seraglio point.

These counter-currents, while they are of great service to the boatmen, are no advantage to the shore. From whatever source it comes, there is always a great accumulation of filth near, or in, a large town, and on the Bosphorus, where there is no sanitary police, the bodies of dead animals are never buried or removed. In many instances,

the carcases of cats, dogs, horses, and even sheep and oxen, are left where they have fallen—worn out, it may be, with heat or thirst in that burning climate, and there they are allowed to rot and putrefy, unless the droves of wild dogs should devour them to the bones. In many cases, if these carcases happen to be near a house, which suffers from the smell, the proprietor gets the body hauled down into the stream, and it is left to drift down; ten chances to one that it is caught in one of the eddies referred to, and by it drawn in and cast on the shore; there is no tide to remove it, and there it lies, stinking for weeks, till the carrion dogs have picked it clean. It is difficult to believe that a current of six miles an hour would not clear off these nuisances; but I have seen a carcase towed out into the stream, and in a few hours cast up on the very rock from which it had been removed. If these impurities of the bank and shoal water are found at ordinary times, they were very much increased during the war, when so many vessels of war and transport were lying at anchor, and passing up and down the channel. In going to, and coming from our bathing-place

at Isania, the stench was most overpowering; and it was only when we got out upon the pier that the air was pleasant, and the water flowing clear and cold; and really the luxury of a plunge was very great.

We used to see an imposing old Turk, who carried a stool, and tray, and small can, crying, in a musical tone, "Kaimak," which, being interpreted, means "ice cream." This he retailed at a small sum.

Aitken dined at Candia House. We have good meat, and excellent plums for stewing, and fair wine. The evening—a quiet game at whist.

July 1st, Sunday.—At eleven a.m. went to Chapel—a large, airy ward with benches; at one end, two arm-chairs and a table for the altar. Mr. Lawless, head Episcopal chaplain, officiated. Whether it is that the attention is more roused when away from home, so that you feel a sympathy with those beside you, or that you are worshipping in an hospital filled with disease—to the causes of which you are yourself exposed—I felt then, and have since felt, especially in similar circumstances, that the English service, when the congregation

take a large share audibly in it, is both very striking and affecting. When we came to the prayers for the Queen, the sick, the war, and those exposed to peril by sea and battle, not a motion was heard but the marked and distinct response of the whole congregation at the "Amen."

On being dismissed, we had leisure to see the congregation, and it was very interesting. It consisted chiefly of officers and their wives. There is a second service for the sick men at three o'clock, after the medical visit and dinner. The officers were mostly in uniform, and the ladies in the lightest summer dresses, and the whole assemblage was very cheerful-looking and gay.

Taking an early dinner, Aitken, Maunder, and I set off to have a ride in the afternoon. Strolling down the long street which leads to the old town and quay of Scutari, we saw many queer Turkish sights. The Frank traffic is a good deal interrupted on Sunday, but most of the provision stalls were open. One stall caught our especial attention, it was that of a Turkish doctor. Seated at the side of the street, cross-legged on a little table, he was waiting for patients. Two women

came up. One of them, we judged by the signs, was suffering from headache, and he put her through some handling like mesmerism, when she went away, putting a small coin in his hand. The other case was quite evident. She had a well-marked and severe whitlow. Judge of our surprise, when this surgeon merely gave a few rubs on the finger, and sent the poor girl away with the finger in the same state. We could not speak to her, else our chivalry would have made us interfere with the quack, and relieve her effectually.

Scutari, even more than Stamboul, is infested with dogs. They are, in appearance, between a Scotch collie and a bull-dog, but without the spirit of either; they are fierce and angry-like, but rarely attack a person till driven to it. In the principal streets you will sometimes pass a dozen in fifty yards, they belong to no one, and no one interferes with them. During the day they are lazy, and lie sleeping in the sun, and will not get out of the way unless you strike them. It is hardly safe to walk fast along the streets without a stick; for if they see you unarmed, they sometimes make a snap at the legs. They

are not provided with food in any regular way, but pick up all the offal which lies about the flesh shops; and where a carcase is left, as it always is, where it falls, they have a rich feed. Curiously, they have certain beats—a dozen or so of them being the proprietors of a district; and if a dog from another quarter, driven by hunger, interlopes on a neighbouring beat, the dogs of that part unite and drive the poacher off. I have seen a poor brute rudely handled by a band of others, and sent limping and howling off. These encounters most often take place during dark, when the poacher has more chance of success; and when caught, the most prodigious yelling is set up; and after the offender is driven off, the invaded dogs keep up a chorus of barking for hours. I know nothing so disgusting as being kept awake during the night with these brutes. You can manage to keep clear of them during the day, but when they begin howling and barking at night, it is most annoying. Some of our men tried shooting at them, but it had little effect, and was dangerous. They are considered in a sacred light by the natives, who do not interfere

to prevent their increase. It is curious that in the great heat they do not get rabid, yet cases of hydrophobia are rare; some of the more religious Turks keep little pans of water at their doors for the use of these prowling dogs.

At the pier of lower Scutari we found a number of ponies saddled. By means of signs, and a few words of Turkish and "*lingua franca*," which Aitken had picked up, we began to bargain for ponies with the keeper. I did not interfere, but remained a passive spectator. After a great deal of bothering, they came to some agreement, and we mounted. A Turkish saddle is very comfortable to sit on when the brute is standing, but not conducive to ease according to our mode of riding. There is a high pommel in front, and a long peak behind, and you sit jammed in a hollow. Then the stirrups are great flat plates of iron, with the straps so short that the knees are bent up. Of course, we made the leathers as long as we could; still, with me, being no great equestrian, the progression, although rapid, was decidedly painful. We rode up along the Bosphorus about five miles, to Kullilee, where there is a large hospital,

occupied by the British. The banks are very beautiful, but the first half hour I had little leisure for admiring them, my whole energies being directed to relieving the uneasiness of my seat, and guiding my quadruped. Gradually I became used to it, and had leisure to look round.

We made a short visit to the hospital, and returned home by another road, a mile or two inland from the straits. This road leads up to the heights of Boulgarloo—a range of hills behind Scutari. From the elevated part of the road the view is truly magnificent. On one side you see the valleys running into Asia Minor, with their fertile fields and rich shrubbery, rather burnt up, however, for want of moisture. In the opposite direction you look over Scutari, and see the domes and sparkling minarets of Stamboul. On one hand you see the sea of Marmora opening out, dotted with the Princes Islands; on the other, the serpentine Bosphorus winding towards the Black Sea—its banks brilliant with mosques, palaces, and gardens. Now and then, along the way, you pass a place where the presence of a stream or spring has caused the grass to grow

with richer verdure; and here, shadowed by trees, groups of women, with their families, are to be seen squatted at leisure. Turkish ladies, with their children and servants, playing on a holiday afternoon, is a pleasing sight; they seem to have a family life, but it is confined to the females; you never see a man mingling in these analogues to our picnics. Proceeding to and from these shady rendezvous, parties of women and children are seen walking along, while the richer classes drive in their queer, springy carriages, with black servants and footmen walking or running beside them. Having ourselves no delicacy as to intrusion, we often rode up beside these coaches, and stared at their occupants, and, not unfrequently, the objects of our admiration drew down their face-covers, to have, or give, a better look.

The women, out of doors, always cover the face, with the exception of the eyes, with a veil of white muslin, called a yasmack. The dress is very beautiful, being a loose, flowing robe of brilliant colour—yellow, scarlet, blue, or green. When a group of ladies sit together, the contrast of the colours has a very picturesque effect. They wear

loose, ill-fitting boots of soft yellow leather, and over these a pair of wide slippers, also of yellow leather; and as these have no heels, they need to walk in a constrained and shuffling way, which is anything but graceful. These loose robes and feet appendages completely conceal the shape, and it is only when the hand is held out in using a fan or parasol that you can see the contour of the arm; they are effectually muffled up from vulgar gaze. They disfigure the only part of the body visible—the hands—by putting the juice of a nut—henna—on the nails, which dyes them of a dark reddish brown, and, to English taste, this is very unseemly. The youngest girls use it—even children. Their eyes are usually dark and brilliant, and appear even more sparkling from the contrast to the pure white yasmack. Their features are regular, and often beautiful, but want life and expression.

July 2nd.—In the morning, the "Brandon" shewing signs of lighting the fires, I kept near at hand during the day, enjoying in the intense heat a very pleasant state of *kef*, or drowsy lounge, and, in the afternoon, driving this off

with a bathe to prepare me for dinner. The funnel of the steamer smoked all day, and in the afternoon the "blue Peter" appeared at the mast-head. Embarking once more in a caïque, I soon was aboard the "Brandon." I found that all the berths were occupied by officers returning to duty, but the captain said I might have a sofa, which was more comfortable than the narrow dens.

It was dusk when we weighed anchor, and, just as we were setting off, a large screw steamer came in, full of troops for the war. A hearty cheer came from her, which our convalescent draft returned, and we moved on, up the Bosphorus. As we glided along with the smooth waving motion of the screw, the banks seemed a nearly continuous line of illumination, for, it being quite dark, but still early, the villas and villages were lighted up, and, as there are no shutters used, the reflected lights were seen twinkling in the rippling water. It was a quiet, sombre, rather melancholy thing, this first start for the scene of strife. The officers were not cheerful, most of them returning to duty after recovery from sickness at Scutari; and the

prospect of undergoing what they had previously come through did not tend to raise their spirits. The pleasantest of them was an officer in a light dragoon regiment, I believe a man of good position, but I forget his name. The most amusing was a heavy dragoon surgeon who was in charge of the draft, a decided yaw-yaw, who despised his profession, and longed for a cornetcy.

The captain was not in the best humour at first, having just arrived with a cargo of cholera and dysentery patients, and not having had time to purify his ship. The "Brandon," being a small but fast and commodious vessel, was harder worked than any other transport. Being easily laden and managed, she was turned to service in every emergency, and hence her crew was continuously at work. To add to the gloomy omens of this first start of mine, while we were at tea, an hour after starting, the surgeon was sent for to see a man who had taken ill. As we were just passing Therapia, the captain slowed, and hailed a boat, and the sick man was put ashore to the hospital—so the passengers were still all in health.

At night, the dragoon officer, and I, and two

others, occupied the sofas. I was much amused at the efforts of a man-servant to give assistance to his master in dressing in the morning, but, as the cabin was very small, he had to retire and leave us alone. We had to come to an understanding, and take the vacant space in the centre in turns.

3rd July.—Crossing the Black Sea. In spite of the bad name it gets, I found it perfectly calm, yet, it may be true, in spite of my experience, that

> "There's not a sea the traveller e'er pukes in,
> Sends up such dangerous billows as the Euxine."

In the morning we were inclined to be in good spirits—when the heavy dragoon came in, in a seedy condition, and told us, with rueful face, that he had been out of bed twice during the night; that another man had taken cholera, and had died in four hours, and that they had just thrown his body overboard. The surgeon of the "Brandon" had also been with him, and now came to say that yet another had taken the disease, and was fast sinking. This checked all attempts at amusement, and the day hung heavy on our

hands. The second man died during the day and was thrown overboard at night!

Was the Admiralty agent not responsible for the death of these men—employing the "Brandon" within forty-eight hours of her arrival with sick from the camp?

At dinner, and next day, had a slight blow-up with the captain, who began to denounce the civil surgeons, but I told him I was one, and he confined himself to satirical hits at the civil service.

CHAPTER II.

4th July.—Land in sight. The hills of the Crimea were perfectly plain, and by mid-day we were steaming into the bay. Some ships were seen at anchor at several points along the coast. Now we are at the Seat of War. The dull booming of a gun is heard in the distance, the top of a hill before us is speckled with white tents, one ship with ports is anchored in the bay, two steamers and a few sailing vessels are tossing about in the same basin—but no other sign of the *War* that is convulsing Europe. Most astonishing of all, here we in the "Brandon," a little trading screw, a Glasgow and Limerick steamer, are coolly sailing into a harbour of the Crimea, the stronghold of Russia, without the least concern, with less anxiety to the captain than he would have to berth her at Glasgow. Let people

say what they may about our Navy, the safety, nay, the existence of our Army depended on its presence as a blockading force. Of all curious sights to a civilian, this approach to the hostile shore in a little steamer, without saying, By your leave, struck me most. Not that the Russians were driven away, for the tents of the outlying pickets were pointed out to me—but the blockading force was so effectual that the Black Sea was our own.

The Bay of Balaclava is a gentle curve—the two points of which are about two miles apart. The whole of this bay is perfectly rock-bound—the cliffs rising perpendicularly out of the water. From the top of these the hills rise into pointed cones, on one of which, in the centre of the bay, stands an old ruined fort—the Castle of Balaclava. The water is very deep in the bay, and even quite close to the rock vessels can scarcely get holding-ground for their anchors. This was the scene of the wreck of the "Prince;" the wind blowing in-shore drifted her and other vessels from their moorings, and dashed them to pieces on the rocks. When the swell sets in from

the open sea, the rebound of the waves from the precipitous cliffs renders the bay very unsafe moorage.

When we got within the bay there was a gentle swell, and a drift in-shore. We did not anchor, but remained steaming slowly about for an hour or so. When a ship arrives, she is not allowed to go into the inner harbour till signals appear from the Castle to apprise the captain that the course is clear. A vessel, on one occasion, through some mistake, going in without due permission by signal, was fired on by the guns of the fort. I was curious to know how we were to reach the harbour. In skirting close to the rocks, in one of our rounds, I saw, over some low cliffs at the base of the hill on which stands the castle, the topmasts of a ship, but how the vessel got there seemed a mystery.

At length, about two o'clock the signal was given to enter; setting on steam, the prow was turned to the fort, and as we crept in the opening became visible. A low cliff on the left projected out, and hid the entrance till we came quite up to it; on this cliff was painted in large

letters, "Point Powell." On reaching it, the steamer turned sharp to the left, and the mast of the ship above spoken of was seen as far as its middle; the low cliff concealing the hull, now on our right, was called "Castle Point."

The breadth of the entrance was about the length of the steamer. It very closely resembles the entrance of Lochgoil, out of Lochlong on the Clyde, on a small scale. Immediately within the entrance, the passage widens out a little to the left, forming "Cossack Bay," situated at the foot of a shallow ravine. When we reached this, the steamer again turned sharp to the right, and slowly steamed up the harbour—a narrow strip of sea, running up into the land about half a mile, and at its broadest sufficient to allow four large steamers to lie stem to stern across. This basin was quite full of vessels, which were moored, stern to the bank, on both sides, with the bow projecting outwards, leaving a passage between the two rows wide enough to let a ship pass through, but not turn easily. The bank is so steep that the ship can come quite close—in some parts a plank can be placed be-

tween the vessel and the shore, at others she lies twenty or thirty feet off.

When we got to the head of the harbour, I went ashore in one of the Maltese boats which were plying for hire in the harbour. I did not take leisure to look about me much, as it was now near four o'clock, and there was a long walk in prospect. I only remarked a considerable confusion, owing to a lot of laden mules having got jammed into a corner of a railway shed, in order to let some artillery waggons flounder past. The noise, the row, the dust, the scramble, reminded me of what I had seen in the Levant; only all were Englishmen, and the requests to move on and get out, &c., were in the most forcible style of the Saxon tongue. I landed at a little pier, near which I found a railway line, and knowing that the bestial would not come there, I set out to trudge towards my destination. There is but one narrow road out of and into Balaclava, and I took that, jogging alongside of persons in every variety of costume, from cavalry officers to railway navvies. Everybody seemed in a hurry-scurry, on some pressing business, and nobody seemed to

care for anyone else but himself; so I had to look out pretty actively for wheels of ammunition carts, prancing horses, laden mules, and railway waggons. The whole scene conveyed a most vivid impression of the vast scale on which the war was carried on; still it was difficult to realise the idea that I was in the invaded territory, and the hostile army a few miles off. When I got half a mile on, the crowd lessened, the waggons diverged, riders took different roads over fields, and I began to desire a knowledge of the shortest way to my destination.

Before me lay a vast plain, gently ascending towards its extremity; on my right were the high hills of Balaclava; on my left lower hills, prolonged out of those on the left side of the harbour; these heights were continued on in nearly a semi-circle, so as half to surround the plain in front. I at once recognised the well-known plain of the cavalry-charge, and now knew that the General Hospital was somewhere farther on. Wishing more precise information as to my course, I made up to a soldier, and asked him where the third division was stationed. He told

me he could not tell, but knew it was somewhere "in the front," and said I should first go on to "the front," and once there I would soon find it out.

This term, "the front," is applied to the scene of active operations. It does not mean any exact spot, but is used relatively to the position of the speaker. Thus, at Scutari they speak of the Crimea as the front. In the Crimea, again, at Balaclava they speak of the front as that part where the lines are, and where the active warfare is carried on. I continued to walk on alongside the single line of rail, till I came to a *clachan* of wooden booths, called Kadikoi. Here servants and soldiers were buying all sorts of things, which reminded me of a country fair, only that eatables and drinkables took the place of trinkets. A church and a few stone buildings point this out as a Crimean village.

Here I found two waggons about to start on the rail, and asking leave of the driver, I mounted one, and had a ride for half an hour up the line. They stopped at the bottom of a steep incline, and the driver pointed out some fields,

by going over which I could join the main road to the "front," that being carried round the hill to avoid the steepness of the ascent. On getting across these fields, which formed a continuous ascent for half a mile, I found myself on a considerable elevation, looking down on the plain of Balaclava, which I had left. Before me, on this higher level, was a very slightly undulating plain, intersected in all directions with tracks of horses and wheels. These paths were of hardened clay, apparently of great firmness, formed merely by the beating of the horses' feet. At the extremity of this plain I could see groups of tents, and it was easy to recognise the "plateau," on which was encamped our army. I did not take time to scrutinize the view just then, but, seeing a man leading a *bat*, or baggage pony, I asked him to direct me; he knew what I wanted, and, leading me on through the fields, came to a little eminence, where a vast number of tents were pitched.

I soon discovered the quarters of Dr. Lyons of Dublin, the pathologist-in-chief, to whom I had a letter of introduction from Dr. Aitken. I found

that his hut was at present shared by Dr. G. Macleod, who had arrived from Smyrna some time previously. Dr. Cowan was also on a temporary visit to him, having come to the Crimea a few days before. So here were Cowan, Macleod, and I, all friends and fellow-students, unexpectedly and unknown to each other gathered together at the Seat of War. The hut being so well occupied before my arrival, I did not obtrude myself on them ; but I had a letter from Davidson to Dr. Cotton of the "Rodney," now with the naval brigade. I therefore went to the camp of the sailors, and found the mess hut of the "Rodney" men, where I presented my credentials to Dr. Cotton. He at once made me welcome, and said he would get me a bed during my stay.

The crew of H.M.S. "Rodney" were drafted on shore with their guns, and were working at the batteries. They were camped on the side of a steep little glen called the "Sailor's Ravine," along with the crews of other ships. During the first part of the campaign, they were posted in the bottom of the little gully to avoid the cold winds ;

but this situation proving damp and unhealthy during winter, they moved up the sides to the brow of the hillock. The bottom of the ravine becoming impassable, from the snow, water, and mud, they had ingeniously contrived a rope bridge, to cross when occasion required.

When on shore, each ship's company was posted together, their officers messing together as on board ship. Not being submitted to such strict discipline as the soldiers, and having more of a roving and free-and-easy disposition, both officers and men had many more comforts than their land fellow-combatants. They drew stores from the fleet, independent of their ordinary rations, and their messmates afloat had sympathy for Jack ashore, so that when they visited their floating home with "yarns" from the batteries they usually came back laden with something to their comrades. Their tents were posted on the slope more irregularly than those of a regiment, and they seemed to have been allowed to make all sorts of contrivances to keep out wind and cold; though, I must say, a peep into a tent of a morning, with half-a-dozen great fellows lying tumbled

up with sheepskins about them, conveyed an idea of warmth rather than cleanliness.

The mess hut of the "Rodney" men was a marvel of comfort. It was sixteen feet long by eight broad, partly dug out of the slope of the hill, partly built of stones and mud. The wall was four feet high, and a high-peaked roof had been constructed of spars, and thatched with branches of brushwood, which was easily got at an early part of the campaign. Over the top was drawn an old tarpaulin, so that it was water-tight. The interior was lined with sail-cloth; the floor beaten hard. A table extended the whole length, with a sort of locker at the end. From the roof hung a swing-table, a bottle and glass rack, and one or two things which can only be seen in a ship's cabin. The whole arrangements showed that the occupants knew how to take care of themselves.

Dr. Cotton introduced me to some of his mess-mates who were there — Lieutenants Palmer, Bosangait, and Jack Byng, a rare specimen of the sailor ashore. My presence seemed to act as a check to a slight altercation which had been going on, Jack having been on a visit to the

fleet that day, was annoyed, as he returned without some expected stores. As they had hard work, they retired early to rest, and I was handed over to Mr. Palmer, who gave me a bed in his tent. I found him a pleasant, gentlemanly man, of quiet manner, and he gave me some interesting information before we retired to rest. Excepting the occasional eccentricities of friend Byng, I found all the naval officers I met of the same quiet, dignified manner; besides being of a kind, frank, open-hearted disposition. My friend Davidson seemed to be well known to many, and on that account I was received all the more heartily.

When Palmer led me to his tent it was quite dark, and I could only see that we groped among irregularly-pitched tents, from which not a sound escaped, except a frequent deep snore. The fatigue during day was too severe to allow them to trifle with their resting-time. In Palmer's tent were two tressels, on one of which I placed myself, and over me he threw some sheepskins by way of cover, which were a grateful bedding as the night was cold. Being tired out, I soon fell asleep; but on wakening again, I found

it still pitch dark. The novelty of the situation, and incidents of the day, kept me from sleeping, and I lay awake, listening. Suddenly *bang* went a tremendous report, followed by a *whiz*, and there was a perceptible concussion. *Bang, bang!* went two or three more, and then all was quiet. Then a duller report, and shortly an illumination, like sheet-lightning—that was a shell bursting. Nobody except myself seemed disturbed by the noise. Outside I could hear a man pacing up and down—the sentry. Shortly came a curious substitute for a bell—ting ting, ting ting, ting—five bells; then a hoarse voice calling out something. Curiously enough, on shore, as at sea, the sailors still counted their hours and watches by the number of bells. These sounds kept me awake till the day began to break, when a sailor, opening up the tent, called in, in a hoarse voice, "Mr. Palmer!" "Ay, ay!" "Seven bells gone, Sir!" So Palmer got up, and trudged away down to his watch in the batteries.

5th July.—After breakfasting with my naval chums, went for Cowan, and he conducted me to see the allied position from Cathcart Hill.

Cowan had been in the Crimea about a week, having arrived from Sinope, whither he had been sent to examine its suitability as a site for an hospital. Dr. Hall, who at this time had an aversion to all civil surgeons, would not receive his report, and he was just looking about him for a few days before returning to Dardanelles.

Cathcart Hill is a slightly elevated mound on the extreme right of the British position, on which is the graveyard of British officers. It is higher than any other part of the camp, hence the view from it is very commanding. It is the most exposed point of the position, projecting somewhat in front of the body of the camp, and within range of round shot of the largest Russian guns. There are no tents on it, but the camp begins close behind it. There is always a sentinel on the look-out on it, whose duty it is to observe the movements in the harbour. The 57th regiment supplies the sentries; there is also a telescope on a stand, for the use of officers and those on duty. Close by, almost the last hut near the Russians, is a store for the sale of all sorts of provisions; Oppenheim's was well known as that of

the principal purveyor. Cowan and I procured a bottle of porter, and, getting the loan of a tumbler, went and squatted ourselves down in front of Cathcart Hill, to examine the landscape while we discussed the porter.

I knew every object at the first glance. The position was so familiar by the plans and maps published at home, that I needed hardly any information. The only thing that I was not aware of was, that the batteries known as the Redan, Malakoff, &c., are distinct isolated hills, surrounded with earthen walls. I had fancied them more like the entrenchments round a fortified city, as Lille. They are, however, quite distinct elevations, although they are connected by entrenchments. From the point where we were stationed, we could see clearly a considerable part of the harbour, with Fort Constantine guarding the north point. With the glass we distinctly saw the Russian sentinel pacing along its roof. We also saw the mouth of the Admiralty harbour, running at right angles to the harbour, its entrance guarded by Fort Nicholas; and off this the fleet, of which there were still four liners afloat, one

the huge "Twelve Apostles." There are few buildings on the north side, but several earthen batteries. It was a brilliant day, and the houses, churches, and buildings on the hill of the south side of Sebastopol glittered in the sun. One magnificent building, something like the Exchange in Glasgow, stood out prominently. With the glass I could see men walking in the streets, and carts going along. In the morning there was not a shot fired; all was so still and beautiful, that I could not realise that this was the Seat of War.

The Russian batteries were about two miles in front of us; and, rather more than half-way between us and them, the British batteries were placed on two mounds. On our left, was Chapman's, or the Greenhill battery; otherwise called the "Left attack." On our right, Gordon's, or the twenty-one gun battery; or, the "Right attack." We could not see the batteries, they being placed in front of the hillocks, but we could see into the rear where the men were moving about. About mid-day they began to fire some shots,—I don't know on what principle, but when one battery fired it was answered; then

a peppering at each other at intervals of half a minute, for half-a-dozen rounds, and then all would be quiet again. Away on the left, where the French were, opposite the flag-staff battery of Sebastopol, the ground of the allied batteries was not so hilly, but a more level sweep of country. In the centre of this plain stood a white house, known as "Upton's house," the residence of a Mr. Upton, "caulker" in the Russian docks.

It was very curious to watch the Russian practice at this point. The flag-staff battery fired toward the French lines here. When the shot struck the earth-work, you only saw a single cloud of dust at the point. But very often the ball flew wide, over the French parapet, and then it was seen, dick—duck—drake, skipping away over the fields behind, sometimes rising and striking again three or four times. After listening to the firing for a short time, one can soon tell the sort of gun that has been fired, by the peculiar kind of report. The sharp, penetrating, twing-g-g of the round shot—the railway whiz, tweet, tweet, tweet, of the Lancaster—the tearing whir-r-r of the huge rockets—

the dull boom of the mortar, followed by the scarcely perceptible whish-sh of the shell, ending in a loud but diffused explosion of the missile. Watching these, and noting where the balls struck, was a most exciting and interesting occupation. We were too far off to find out what gave rise to the firing, but, during the day, almost every battery, including the fleet, sent out some shot. They seemed to be most active down in a hollow on our left, concealed by the Greenhill—the situation of the cemetery.

The ground between our batteries and the Russian defences was waving, slightly hollowed out and intersected by ravines—one of which, known as the Sailors', began at the camp, wound round on the left of the Greenhill, and continued down to the cemetery at the head of the Admiralty harbour of Sebastopol. Another began at the right of Cathcart Hill, and wound round the left of Gordon's battery down to the head of the same harbour, meeting the former in the flat ground which intervened between the hill part of the fortress, known as Sebastopol proper, and that part in front of our batteries, called the

Karabalnaya. Down this ravine the Woronzoff Road from Simperopol led into Sebastopol. In going to our batteries the men marched in a subsidiary ravine, leading to the Greenhill on one side, and on the other to Gordon's battery. These two ravines, being frequently occupied by troops on the way from or to the camp, drew a great deal of the Russian fire, and were literally speckled with round shot and shell, entire and in fragments. In some places the missiles lay piled like a heap of causeway stones, having rolled down from higher parts where they hit. In consequence of the continual fire kept up on these routes to the trenches, and the number of casualties that occurred in them, they were known by the name of the "Valleys of death."

On the ground sloping down from the Redan and Malakoff were numerous little mounds of earth, from behind which occasionally came a little puff of smoke, followed by a smart crack. Then, from the ground in front of our position, was heard a decided ping-g of the missile. The little mounds were Russian rifle pits, which

kept up a desultory and spasmodic skirmish with the men in our advanced sap. Although too far away to see clearly the exact position of our soldiers, we did not care about sitting down leisurely within clear sight and range of the Russian guns, for, although at present we were two innocent non-combatants, yet there are so many freaks in war, that we considered a fair share of discretion the more sensible part of valour. We were near enough, however, to see the vast advantage the Allies had gained a few weeks before. The battle of the 7th June had advanced our position two-thirds towards the enemy. After a cannonade of twenty-four hours the Allies stormed the outworks of the enemy, and retained possession of them; so they were now fighting within the Redan and Malakoff, their first but strongest defences. The outworks taken were, the Mamelon Vert by the French, the "Quarries" by our men. The former was 500 yards in front of the Malakoff, the latter little more than 300 from the Redan. These two positions were now converted into batteries against the Russians, and from them

our riflemen could aim clearly at the enemy's gunners.

Already our men were forming zig-zags and parallels towards the Redan—the French up to the Malakoff. The unsuccessful assault on the 18th June showed that the attack on the place must be made from a much nearer point than even the Mamelon and "Quarries," for the Russian fire, from batteries and fleet, is hot enough to break an attacking party, unless it has a very short distance to run. The Allies, therefore, are pushing their approaches; the British "sapping" up to the Redan. This, we were told, is a laborious and costly task, for the ground, a few inches from the surface, is hard limestone, and the men can neither dig the ditch deep enough, nor get stuff to fill the sand-bags and gabions. The work, therefore, was advancing slowly, and the French were getting faster up to the Malakoff, owing to the softer nature of the soil.

From the forts on the north side of Sebastopol a few shots came at intervals. On examining with the glass, and even with the naked eye, we could see long trains of waggons wending along

towards the harbour, on the road which leads from Simperopol, corroborating the report that we had heard, that they were daily in receipt of fresh supplies. We could see that they had erected large earthen batteries on the heights above the harbour, so that when the south side was in the hands of the Allies, they might expect a warm reception from the higher ground opposite.

Cowan and I were not the only onlookers from Cathcart Hill. Groups of officers and soldiers came at intervals to watch the progress of the firing. With some of the men, on this and other occasions, we fell into conversation. In almost every case there was an evident gloom, melancholy, and even discontent. Not many days after the unsuccessful affair of the 18th, the camp was thrown into dismay by the death of Lord Raglan, of cholera. His funeral had taken place with military honours, a few days before I arrived; and the depression caused by the death of the Commander-in-chief, following the issue of the assault, had not yet passed off. Besides, the men were convinced that the attack had been

ill arranged, and worse conducted. They threw the whole blame on their commanders, and said, justly, that taking them out in driblets against such a work as the Redan, was sheer massacre. Every one we spoke to was confident, that if a whole division had been let loose on the place, they would have swept the foe into the harbour. Such were the men's views. They seemed exasperated at being kept any longer burrowing in the limestone pits, as they called the trenches. One Irishman, of the 57th, said, "If once they let us at it again, it's not all the officers of the army that will keep us *out* of the town." We heard many a story of the former part of the campaign—melancholy or jolly, according to the temper of the narrator—but they are not worth putting down.

Of the many curious sights to be seen from Cathcart Hill, not the least astonishing to a newcomer is the great extent of ground covered by the Allied Camp. When we turned our back to Sebastopol, and looked towards Balaclava, we saw the tents speckled over a vast area of country. I formerly said that the extreme right of

our position was Cathcart Hill; but this is not strictly correct, for the British Camp at this point bends to the right, and extends across a ravine to the right of the hill. The right siege train, and the magazine of supply for Gordon's battery, were kept at the top of this ravine, and behind it, on each side, were artillery and the Fourth Division. Altogether, from where we stood, we could see about four or five miles of the plateau, with a breadth of from two to three. The whole of this was covered, more or less, with tents—here and there only dotted, in other parts gathered into thick clusters, as in regimental camps. As we stood, and looked towards our camp, the view was closed in on our left by the heights of Inkerman and Mackenzie Farm, which were speckled with Russian camp tents.

We dined at six o'clock, having spent the whole day in studying the details of the siege. Dr. Smith, of the General Hospital, kindly permitted his hut to be used as dining and eating room, and Drs. Macleod, Lyons, Cowan, and I, dined there. We had a fair dinner and wine; but the details of camp life I pass over just now,

as I shall have more to say about them at a subsequent period.

In the cool of the evening, moving about the Camp, we noticed the sailors enjoying themselves in a very sensible way—having games of foot-ball and "rounders." When it began to get a little dark the firing commenced anew. This is the time chosen to change reliefs in the trenches, and the roads leading down to the batteries are full of men going or returning from duty. The Russian batteries open out on them, throwing shot and shell into the partially-protected "valleys of death." Our guns return the fire, to drive back the gunners; so there is a pretty sharp cannonade for nearly an hour. At night I went back to the "Rodney" tent, and took up quarters again with Mr. Palmer.

6th July.—Repeated the visit to Cathcart Hill and other places of interest in the Camp. Saw an operation in the hospital.

7th July.—Last night slept alone in the tent, Mr. Palmer being on duty in the trenches. I was awoke before day-break by a great noise. Listening, I found it proceeded from the lines. It

was sharp and continuous musketry—sometimes a continuous roll, at others a more interrupted volley. Rising up, I looked out at the tent door, but nothing was visible, except the occasional track of a shell, with the flash of explosion following. I asked the sentry what was the row, and he coolly said he supposed it was a sortie. It continued for half an hour, and seemed to come nearer; so I got up, and dressed, and hurried in the direction of Cathcart Hill. It was grey light of morning when I got there; but by this time the firing had ceased—all was over. I asked the sentinel on guard what it had been, and he said it was a pretty sharp sortie, in the direction of the cemetery, but the intervening hill hid the actors; however, they had again returned into the town and all was quiet. A cloud of white smoke hung over the part where the action had been. I never learnt what had taken place: these little skirmishes, as they are considered, not being noted.

As I was a-foot, I sat down to take a look of things in morning aspect. There was not much moving in the town, but soon the chimneys began

to smoke, and the little steamer in the harbour began to take her trip to the other side. . . . About six or seven o'clock, our camp became nearly invisible from the smoke of the fires kindled for breakfast, which curled lazily up, but from want of wind hung like mist among the tents.

At breakfast, I found a new-comer, who had come up to the Naval Brigade the night before—Lieut. Wilkinson, who was sent to take a correct survey of the trenches for the Admiralty. He was a pleasant, frank fellow, and offered to take me through all the parallels; but even the officers with whom I lived advised me against it, as the risk of being hit was considerable in moving from trench to trench. He, however, said he would get me a pass to the batteries; and, as the danger is less there than in moving about, I asked him to leave word for me at head-quarters.

After a short time, I got a pony from Cowan, which he had part share in, and rode to head-quarters, about a mile off—the residence of the Commander-in-Chief, General Simpson, and his staff. It consists of a rather nice one-storey house,

with some others beside it in the form of a square, and a number of huts for the officers of different departments. I soon got the quarter-master, and found that my name had been mentioned, so I at once got an order or passport to the trenches.

Leaving the pony at the stable, I walked down towards the Greenhill, or Chapman's battery. When I got outside the camp, the shot and shell began to appear thickly strewn on the ground, and presently I got a fair view of the teeth of the Redan, and of the Flagstaff battery,—one on each side. I had some misgivings as to the propriety of walking down in this way, especially as I did not see a being on any side, but soon I saw a man coming out from the Greenhill, and striking across the field to the "valley of death." I therefore pushed on quickly, and felt relieved when the batteries were concealed from view by a hillock behind our attack. In rear of this hillock were several cannon: one or two entire, and ready to be taken out to supply the place of any that might become injured; a few broken or chipped, which had been brought here from the work. The absence of anything but broken

bits of shell, shewed that this was much out of reach of fire, so I sat down and took a rest here, as my rapid walk in a fearfully hot day had tired me somewhat.

Chapman's battery is on a gentle slope or hillock, the declivity of which was perfectly cut or ploughed up into ruts, pits and mounds, by the shot and shell of the enemy, which were lying in masses and in perfect confusion in its rear. They were so numerous, that in some places they had been fixed close to each other so as to form a causeway. As I began to ascend the slope at the top of which the guns were placed, a man who was lying against a pile of shell reading a paper came up to me, and before he had time to ask for my permit, which they always do of a stranger in civil costume, I told him I had come to visit my sailor friends, and asked for Dr. Cotton. Being a sailor, he at once knew that I was acquainted with them, and he led me to a little hut constructed of spars, and covered on the sides and top with sand-bags, over which were heaped clods of turf and a quantity of sand, so that it was quite shot-proof.

This was the surgery, where I found Dr. Mason, the other naval surgeon, engaged in dressing a wound which a sailor had just got in the trench outside. He took me to Mr. Bosangait, who shewed me the whole place.

In front of the highest part of the mound was a rude wall, about eight or ten feet high and nearly as thick at the bottom, formed of stones, turf and sand heaped together. The outside was rude and hardly shaped at all, slightly sloping, and at the bottom was a dry ditch about three feet deep and a little wider, out of which the earth had been scooped to make the wall. In the inside the wall was perpendicular, being built of gabions at the bottom and sand-bags at the top. Gabions are large baskets, or *creels*, made of twigs, open at both ends, which are placed on end and filled with sand. Along this wall, at intervals, were openings called embrasures for the guns to project from. There were about eighteen or twenty guns, almost all large ship-guns. These were all worked by sailors, a great number of whom were gathered behind the wall; one or two usually stood beside a gun, others lay in

any place where they could get protection from the intense heat. There was no firing going on; not a gun went off the whole time I was there.

The Flagstaff battery fired one or two guns, but that was on its other face, toward the French; and our men did not consider it their duty to spend powder without a definite object. At a short distance behind the wall were placed at intervals large thirteen-inch mortars, worked by the artillerymen. Every few yards was a pile of shell or shot ready for loading, and in a little bomb-proof den a cannister of powder. One of the guns I remarked was painted half black and half pink. This I thought a freak of some sailor who had got a pot of paint; but I was informed that it was the gun belonging to the captain's cabin, the part inside the port-hole being painted similar to the other parts of the cabin. There was nothing to detain us in the battery; all was quiet. I should mention that every two or three guns were isolated from the next by a part of the wall running in for about twelve feet, well faced with sand-bags; this is called a traverse, and prevents shot coming obliquely from the raking battery.

We now walked down a covered way into the first parallel. A covered way is a ditch with the earth thrown on the side next the enemy, which leads obliquely from one battery to another, so that any one walking in the ditch is concealed, and protected from the enemy's fire. My conductor did not think it necessary for us to walk in the trench, as it was out of rifle range, and the Russians knew better than to fire a shot or shell with the chance of hitting a single man. The cover, however, was used when bodies of men were crowding down to the trenches; and the danger of the position was evident by the grape and canister shot which had collected in the bottom of the ditch.

The battery in the first parallel was about 150 or 200 yards in front of the Greenhill. One part was called No. 9 Sailors' battery. The rest was occupied by artillery, and contained heavy siege-guns and mortars. The embrasures of this were more regularly made, and as it was much closer to the enemy, the guns were concealed by folding-gates of wicker-work, which fell down when the gun was drawn in; but when thrust out, the

muzzle of the gun lifted it up. Here the men kept closer under cover, being within Russian range, and quite visible; but, as there was no expectation of firing this morning, Bosangait took me outside the parapet, and we sat down and leisurely examined the Redan before us. With the glass I could plainly see some men at the embrasures, and now and then a black body moving in the rifle pits. Occasionally a puff and ping-g came from these; but my conductor seemed so confident that they were not shooting in our direction, that I gave myself no uneasiness. Having pointed out the position, and the principle on which they aim and fire at the enemy, my conductor invited me to come into parallel No. 2—a stage nearer the Russians; and I was now so used to the place that I was stepping into the covered way, when a stretcher was brought out of it, carried by four men, on which lay a man who had just got a rifle wound and was being carried to the rear. This satisfied me, and not being on duty I went no further.

In the evening, as usual, visited Cathcart Hill. Amidst the music of the bands, the reliefs from

the various regiments marched down the "valley of death" to the trenches, carrying gabions, &c. And no sooner had the noise produced by the change become general, than "bang-bang" went all the Russian batteries, and ours, in return, opened up, and there was a smart cannonade for nearly an hour—guns going at intervals of half a minute, or less.

8th July.—When at breakfast this morning, my naval entertainers asked one another if there was parade to-day—Sunday. "No," said one; "it is muster and church." So, at eleven, a substitute for a bell was struck, a table was brought out and covered with white, the part of the brigade not on duty formed three sides of a square, the officers in the fourth, round the clergyman, who then read prayers, and gave them a discourse—the men squatting on the ground. They were very quiet and attentive; but the sun was too hot to allow of much comfort.

In the evening I got the pony, and rode over to the right of the plateau, occupied by the French, and through their camp to the scene of the battle of Inkerman. This part, at one time

without defences, was now protected by a trench, and one or two redoubts, with some cannons in each. I rode on to the brow of the hill up which the Russians made the attack. It is a rough, irregular steep; but the brushwood which grew so plentifully at that time was now mostly cleared away, having been used for fire-wood during winter. Towards the bottom, however, where the men were exposed to the fire of the Russian batteries on Inkerman heights (on the other side), it still was covered with shrubbery. Away at the bottom was a plain, where the river Tchernaya ran alongside the road past Inkerman, and flowed into the harbour at Sebastopol.

Returning towards my quarters as it grew dusk, I drew rein again at Cathcart Hill to see the changes of reliefs for the trenches; and by the time I set off for the naval brigade, I could just see the sun dipping into the sea in the west. It is always a difficult thing to find one's way in camp, every tent being exactly like another; and if no "bearings" have been taken, one is apt to wander out of the way. I set off towards the hospital, which I could see far off; but, thinking

I was keeping too straight from Cathcart Hill, I swerved a little to the right, into a gentle hollow, where I could see nothing but tents on all sides. I pushed on, in hope of getting view of some landmark, but only to lose myself in fresh rows of tents. A few lights springing up on each side apprised me that the little light left would soon be gone, so I became anxious to find my way out of this labyrinth.

I afterwards, at a subsequent stay in camp, came to know that if one has anything like a good pony, the best way is to let him find his way home, as I have frequently been obliged to do; but at this time I did not know this; so I pulled rein, and looked about to see if I could get a known object. But in vain. Just at this juncture three soldiers, a little merry, came past, and I said, "Lads, can you tell me how to go to the General Hospital?" Didn't know. I said it was in rear of third division. They said, "This is the third division;" but I saw no sign of the huts. There were in view three Russian forts, but, from the curious sweep I had taken, I could not recognise them. So I

asked the soldiers to point out which was the Redan and which Gordon's battery, as I would know from that which way to go. One of them at once did so; but another said, "Sure, if you don't know that, you've no right to be here. I take you for a *spy*. Come along to the guard-house, and we'll see what story you'll tell to-morrow morning." And without more ado, he seized my bridle, and led me off a prisoner. Now, though I knew it would be all right when I came to be examined, I did not care to be marched as a spy through the Camp; nor did I choose to be cooped up in the guard-house among the drunk soldiers — knowing that, as it was now late, there might be some difficulty in getting an officer to look after guard-house prisoners. So I used every argument to induce the fellow to leave me to find my way to the hospital, but he seemed determined to keep his own counsel. I told him I was a surgeon to the Eastern Expedition; but my want of uniform, and ignorance of the Camp, seemed proof positive to him that I was not in order; so on he led me. At last, searching my pocket, I found a calling-card;

and, telling him to let go my reins, I said I would report him if he persisted in his obstinacy, and gave him the card to shew I was in earnest. When he read it, he seemed to think that he was wrong, and said he was sorry he had made the mistake, left hold of my pony, and let me go. By this time we had got on an eminence, whence I at once saw the hospital huts, to which I rode, and recounted my adventure, to the great amusement of my friends.

July 9th.—At five this morning, Cowan and I started off in company for Balaclava; we made this early start to avoid the heat of the day. Although it is an almost continuous gradual descent, we were fatigued when we got to the village about half-past eight. On inquiry, we found that the offices for business did not open till ten, so we began to look out for provender. Fortunately, the transport steamer "Foyle" was in harbour; and, as Cowan had rendered the captain some medical service on coming to the Crimea, we went on board, and were invited to breakfast which we got in the saloon. I shall never forget that meal. The vessel was used as

a transport for cattle, and the odour which pervaded her may be imagined. We were now in the hottest season of summer; and to add to the discomfort of being cooped up in an airless cabin—the atmosphere of which was scented with the effluvia of cattle refuse, and the gases which are constantly disengaged from the nearly stagnant water at the edge of the harbour—above all this was the season of flies. No one, who has not seen these creatures in such circumstances, can have any idea of the punishment inflicted by the Egyptian "plague of flies." One is apt to suppose that, as they do not sting, they can be no great trouble; but, seen as we saw them, they drive one nearly mad with annoyance. I never saw so many insects crammed into one place. The white table-cover was *absolutely* invisible with a moving mass of black, or rather blue, dots. The plates, cups, and everything eatable were invaded, and when we wished to cut a bit of ham we had to drive them off with a napkin; and even then, before the slice was cut it was covered with them. Add to this, that they were whirling in clouds round our heads, and keeping

up a perpetual buzz on all sides, lighting on the most irritable parts of the face, and even resting on the bit of meat on its way from the plate to the mouth, and some idea may be formed of the nuisance. It was hard work eating a meal, for while you fed yourself with one hand it was absolutely necessary to ward off your little enemies with the other. This exertion, in the state of the heat, brought on such a perspiration that I soon desisted and contented myself with a very moderate meal, but the captain supplemented it with a delicious glass of cool sangaree.

After ten, we went out to H.M.S. "Triton," which was moored in Cossack Bay—the quarters of Captain Heath, who had charge of the Transport Service at Balaclava. I had a letter to him from my naval friends; and he at once furnished us with an order for a passage in the "Albatross." We found, however, that she was not to go for a day or two, and, being anxious to get out of the place without delay, we got the order changed to the "Ottawa." Having bestowed our traps on board, finding that the vessel was

not to sail before evening, and that we were rather in the way, we got on shore about noon to see how we could pass the day.

From the land-locked nature of the harbour the heat was stifling, and we moved about from place to place to get shelter from the sun. We called on a land-transport agent, a friend of Cowan's, but he was suffering from an attack of ague, so we were let loose again into the heat and stink and malaria. We loitered about the piers, looking at the vessels unloading shot, shell and stores of all kinds, and at last the day wore on. We did not wish to go back to the ship, because we were decidedly "*de trop;*" so I, remembering that my former fellow-passenger, M. Borkheim, was at Kadikoi, resolved to go and get our dinner from him. We walked out from the crowded port, and, reaching Kadikoi, went to Borkheim's wooden store. He was one of the firm of Richards, Ramsden, Borkheim & Co., successors to Oppenheim, the well-known Crimean store-keeper. He at once welcomed us, and invited us to dinner. We dined with the *firm* at a restaurant which was part of their establishment,

where we got a good meal of fresh roast-lamb and champagne. Soothed and comforted by this refreshment, we returned to Balaclava and were glad to get on board the "Ottawa." At nightfall, when all the bustle of the harbour was stilled, and nothing was heard but at intervals the distant boom-m of a siege-gun, it was a curious feeling to sit on the deck and see around us the vast fleet filled with the materials for the war.

10th.—This forenoon the vessel, being filled, moved out into the bay. Then, after waiting some hours, we took in tow the "Great Tasmania," filled with sick for Scutari. Our passengers were mostly artillery officers, sick, or done up with the work in the batteries since the beginning of June. One miserable specimen—a mere boy—was lamenting his condition, saying that when he got his commission he expected never to leave England.

11th.—Moving slowly across the Black Sea. Calm as glass. Great heat. The vessel in tow keeps us back, and destroys our course so much that the captain threatens to cast her off.

12th.—On rising to-day, we saw the coast of

the Bosphorus ahead. We had gone many miles out of our course, and were now coasting along the south shore of the Black Sea. The "Great Tasmania" is away astern, drifting like a log. The captain cast her off, having spoken a vessel with no sick, which we met coming out of the Bosphorus. Being thus lightened, we glided easily down the straits, and anchored off Scutari at mid-day.

Having gone ashore, we found Dr. Aitken, and went in company across to Galata, where Cowan took a ticket, and set off at four p.m. for Dardanelles, in the Messageries Imperiales' steamer. Aitken and I re-crossed to Scutari, where I got a bed in his quarters.

13th.—As I had sent word with Cowan to Dr. Parkes at Renkioi, that I would remain at Scutari and the Bosphorus till I was wanted at the hospital, I to-day made arrangement for lodging and food. I should have called officially on Lord William Paulet, to report myself as waiting at Scutari for orders from Dr. Parkes; but that nobleman had no good name among the civil staff—acting in a very gruff and unpleasant way

to them. However, I was saved all annoyance through the kindness of Dr. Aitken, and Mr. Robertson, purveyor-in-chief. Aitken got my order for rations from the quarter-master, and Robertson gave me the use of his room until Aitken got a second bed for me. So, after this, I was lodged and boarded by Government.

"Victoria House"—so our's was named—was a very favourable specimen of a Scutari house. It belonged to an old Turk, who lived with his family in a house next door. He let it to the Government, which quartered officers in it. Like all other Turkish houses, it was built of wood, and was so constructed as to have very large and spacious entrance-halls and lobbies, with little rooms off these, the rooms having windows on three sides. The large entrance-gate admitted to an earthen hall, at the end of which doors opened into sleeping-places for the servants and to the kitchens. Half a flight of stairs led to the first floor, and a flight above that opened upon a large hall with windows at each end. From this three doors led off at each side. Aitken and I had one room each; another was occupied by a Dr.

Robertson, staff-surgeon, and his wife; a fourth was used as the nursery of a Dr. Birt, who had a room down stairs. The other two doors led into a washing-room of our's and a closet. The house was double, so to speak; that is, there were two entrance-gates on the low floor, each leading to the accommodation above described. A single door in the centre compartment formed a communication between the two divisions of the house. This curious arrangement depends on the Turkish manners. One half of a house is occupied by the males; another, called the harem, by the females; and no intercommunication exists, except by the door mentioned—the key of which is kept by the master. A house such as we lived in would be occupied by a wealthy man, and his servants would be numerous. The cooking is done by men; and in order to allow the ladies to be fed without the admission of the male cook into the harem, there is a hole in the wall, fitted with a revolving drum, into which the viands are placed, and it is then half-turned, till the opening in it looks to the harem. I had no idea

that the seclusion of the females when at home was so strictly maintained.

Aitken and I agreed to occupy one room as a bed-room, and take the other as a mess-room; so that, as one of our rooms looked to the east, and the other to the west, by changing rooms we could keep in the shade. The house was situated on the brow of a steep hill rising up from Isania pier, and commanded a magnificent view of Constantinople, the Bosphorus, and the Golden Horn. We could also see out into the Sea of Marmora, and used often to watch with a telescope for the Burns' steamer bringing news from home. The transports anchored just off our house, and we could see all that was coming ashore or going aboard. In front of the house was the garden of the Turk, containing Indian corn, vegetables, gorgeous flowers; and just below our window was a lemon-tree house, filled with trees, the fruit now just yellowing, and sending up the most fragrant perfume. Many, many a time have I lain with my head resting on the sill of the open window, breathing the delicious fragrance on a calm morning, after a night of feverish tossing, and felt

refreshed and soothed by the aromatic odours of the little lemon grove. The house was a very desirable summer residence, the number of windows on all sides allowing the breeze to play freely through it; but when the stormy weather came, such a clattering of doors and windows never was heard.

The heat of the weather, now at its fiercest, was too great to allow of any moving about for pleasure during the day, so, in the evening, Aitken and I took a boat for a sail. We walked down the steep street leading from the great hospital to the shore, up which so many brave wounded and sick men had been carried. At the brink of the water is a small wooden pier, raised two feet above the water, where boats unload. Round this are lying a whole fleet of caïques, the owners of which are sometimes on board touting for a fare, sometimes, and oftener, lounging with their tchibouks on shore. The process of hiring a caïque is amusing. "Hollo, caïdji!" "Yes, Johnny." "Two-man boat?" "Yes, Johnny." A four-oared caïque then comes to the pier, and you step in.

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The rowers first get the boat well trimmed, and will not move a peg till you sit to their satisfaction. A caïque is a shallow canoe with a very long and sharp prow. It draws very little water, and is about three feet broad, so that the least motion would upset it. The caïdjis have a most superstitious fear of "Johnnys" upsetting their boats. The passenger sits on a cushion in the bottom of the boat at the stern, so that only his head is above the gunwale. The rowers sit on thwarts, and each has two oars, which are balanced by an oval ball of wood beside the handle. There is only one rowing pin, and the oars are fixed to it by a thong of untanned hide well greased, so that in going along not a sound is made by the oars. The smaller boats plying in the Golden Horn have only one rower, but most of those coming over to Scutari have two.

We rowed about three miles into the Sea of Marmora, and landed at a low, flat promontory on which a light-house is placed, called the Phare, or Pharos. This flat promontory is a favourite spot for the natives to visit and enjoy the sea breeze in the evening while taking their smoke. In

crossing it we passed several groups of families enjoying themselves in a very simple way. Their little cups of coffee, heated by an extemporaneous fire, and the inseparable pipe, were their refreshment, and their amusement was chanting in chorus some simple airs. They were Greeks or Armenians, for the parties consisted of men, women, and children. All along the shores there abound small snails in great numbers. The place we visited was covered with a prickly shrub, and the animals above named were so numerous that not a stone, blade, or shrub could be seen for them. They incrusted every branch and twig, so as to make it look like a bit of coral. Aitken and I, hoping to secure a specimen by dipping it in gum or glue, took home a shrub like a gooseberry-bush covered with these shells. We were disappointed in the result, for the snails, disliking the atmosphere of our room, detached themselves during the night, and in the morning the floor was covered with them. Some, more enterprising than others, made long voyages, and hid themselves in unexpected nooks, and, long after, it was a common thing to see a snail creep-

ing about the floor, having got tired of its hiding-place.

In rowing home, it got dusk before we arrived. There is a curious feeling in sailing on the Bosphorus at night-fall, and it has the reputation of being haunted. Towards evening, especially if a little breeze springs up, flocks of little water-birds emerge from their day resting-places, and skim along the surface of the water, uttering peculiar shrill chirpings. They are called the "restless spirits of the Bosphorus," and are believed by the superstitious to be occupied by the spirits of those who are drowned in these waters.

14th.—To-day I made a systematic examination of the Scutari Hospital. All the horrors described by the "correspondents" of last winter had given place to the most perfect order and cleanness. The kitchen had been much improved since the recent visit of Soyer the cook, and the nursing department was perfect, under the superintendence of Miss Nightingale. In going among the wards, I met a surgeon, Mr. Cullen, who had been one of my father's students. He spoke highly in praise of Miss Nightingale. He had had fever,

and he told me that the attention he received from that lady would never be effaced from his mind. Many a time had she brought beef-tea, broth, &c., with her own hands. Whatever may be said on the general question of having female nurses in military hospitals, one thing is clear, that, under such guidance, they are an inestimable boon. The amount of good done *personally* by Miss Nightingale will never be fully known, but the influence she exerted is admitted on all hands. And she did everything so quietly and unostentatiously. I saw her going about the wards, and tending the sick like the ordinary attendants; and though, latterly, she confined herself more to administrative than active duties, still she continued the latter till her health began to give way. She dressed in the simplest way—not rigorously, nor ostentatiously severe. An old, large, scooped, straw bonnet, trimmed with black, a black dress, and black-and-white checked shawl, or none at all, was her usual costume. Another lady, not so well known, did a great deal of good at Scutari—Mrs. Blackwood, who organised a staff of washerwomen, soldiers' wives of respectable

character. This was an immense boon to those officers who could get their washing done at this place. Much imposition was practised by the voluntary washers, so Mrs. Blackwood's establishment was constantly in requisition. I have seen washings given out, and not recovered for weeks. Indeed, we were often reduced to great extremities, and paid exorbitant prices; but those who had the good fortune to get their washing done at the above-named establishment were always well satisfied.

15th.—Sunday. Attended service in the Barrack Chapel in the forenoon.

In the evening got a mount, and rode with Aitken some miles into the interior. The country is undulating, and from some of the elevations pretty peeps of scenery are obtained. We rode up a little valley watered by a streamlet, along which there was a track—not a made road; indeed, as there are few wheeled vehicles, the roads are of the most primitive description. On the way we passed several carcasses of sheep and horses, which were left unburied on the road. As we came near one, a carrion dog which had been

devouring it, left off, and eyed us with a very fierce and savage glance. The huge, bloated, ill-favoured animal seemed disposed to dispute our passage; and, as these brutes are known to be excessively dangerous when pressed with hunger, we made a short detour to avoid its attack. Seeing that we were not about to disturb it, it re-commenced its foul repast with savage rapacity.

Coming back about sunset, we had an opportunity of seeing an example of the attention the natives pay to their religious duties. In a spot, away from any houses, we noticed an honest Turk going up to a tree, under the shade of which he stripped off his coat, and, taking off his shoes, knelt down, with his face towards Mecca—thus making it a temporary place of worship; and here he performed all the becking and bowing motions I have seen them go through in the mosques.

16th.—Messrs. M'Nair, Ferguson, and Drennan, the Presbyterian chaplains, Dr. Aitken, and I, went in company to visit some places in Stamboul.

Landing at Seraglio Point, we visited the gar-

dens of the Seraglio, at present occupied by huts as a French ambulance, or hospital. The British had three large establishments on the Scutari side, while the French had several buildings around and in Constantinople. The Seraglio Hospital was temporary—of wooden huts. From the gardens we pushed our way on through the courts and buildings. We first came to a large area surrounded with low buildings, in the centre of which is an old oak, hollow in the centre, of traditional interest. The entrance to the proper buildings of the Seraglio is through a gate in a kind of guard-house, known as the "Sublime Porte." This—which is the synonym of the Turkish Government—is a very shabby affair. Entering this, we came to another court, and poked about among various buildings, but were not permitted to enter many. Some, however, we did get into, but there was nothing of interest to see. However, we did get into interesting quarters; for, entering a low range of buildings, we found we had penetrated into the kitchens. There were five or six rooms, opening into each other, and two or three cooks in each, evidently

preparing food for a number of persons. We were not prevented from moving about; and when we said our "Bono Johnny," "Inglees hakim basha," they seemed quite pleased at our visit. One tremendously stout fellow, who was devoting his energies to shelling a kind of pea, was amazingly delighted when Aitken, with his measuring-tape, took his dimensions. Tickled with this compliment, he removed the lids of the pots, and let us taste the viands; but they were far from tempting —greasy.

It is well the place is dark, for the proceedings are far from cleanly; and any one who was to partake, if the least fastidious, might well take a dislike to his dinner if he saw it in preparation. I don't envy the persons who took soup that day; for, in groping from one chamber to another, I accidentally stepped *into* a pot of soup, and splashed it all over the place. However, I judged it better to let things take their course than get turned out for my awkwardness, if I told the mishap.

Next to the Mosque St. Sophia, the grand and principal place of worship of the Turks.

In the court, as at all mosques, there is a fountain where the Moslems wash their feet before entering the sacred building. When we came near to the mosque we saw the door standing open, but some dragomans, who always loiter near, seeing us coming up, at once rushed in, and slammed the door in our face. Formerly no Giaour could enter without a firman; a small toll, since the war began, admits any one. We therefore tipped a dragoman, and taking off our shoes, without which we could not enter, walked in. This magnificent building, formerly a Christian temple, is of great interest; but any detail would be tedious. Architecturally, the principal interest is the enormous size and height of the cupola; but probably what strikes the stranger most, is the *unsuccessful* endeavour of the Turks to efface all marks of its having been used as a place of Christian worship. The direction of the building is east and west, but as Mecca is to the south-east the worshippers face diagonally across when at prayers. And in order to prevent mistakes, the floor is covered with a matting, the stripes on which are arranged in this diagonal

way. In consequence of this, when you looked alternately to the symmetrical roof and the matting laid awry, you felt an uncomfortable tendency to twist the neck on one side. Another thing is the marking of the crosses, which were formerly placed in several parts, and which the painting and gilding has not thoroughly effaced. On one or two places on the ceiling, where it has been laid with mosaic of gilded glass, the mark of the cross is plainly visible.

In the afternoon, Aitken and I sailed up to Buyukdere to visit friends of the Turkish Contingent, but arriving too late to walk up to the heights before dark, we dined and took lodging at the Inn. I was kept awake nearly all night by the *routing* of a troublesome cornopæan player, who kept it up till far on in the morning, to the annoyance of the natives.

17th.—Early in the morning walked up to the camp, and soon found the tent of Dr. M'Dowall, whom I had left at Guy's on my way out. The camp is situated on the heights over the Bosphorus, and is well placed for air and health. Was much amused at Dr. G. M'Gregor, a former

student of my father's, who was engaged in making a medical inspection of those soldiers who were demanding discharge for some alleged physical incapacity. His code of signs was most original, and the way he filled up his orders, per interpreter, with a running comment in broad Scotch, was irresistibly ludicrous.

We got the loan of ponies, and rode for some miles along the brow of the heights, and had some beautiful peeps of the banks of the Bosphorus. In the evening returned to Scutari.

18th.—A day of shopping, laying in provisions, &c. In Pera and Galata are stores of all sorts, but we preferred those called "The English Stores," and Gordon & Darlington's; these being general warehouses, the things were good, and moderate in price. It was very amusing to see the officers doing their shopping. It was not a business rapidly done. You went in, took a seat, and went about looking at the shelves for hints. Sherry, brandy, biscuits, marmalade, and cheese, were our purchases. We also got some Turkish wine, Broussa, in an old German merchant's in a very queer little lane that led up from the pier.

We then crossed to Stamboul, and made some purchases in the great Bazaar. I purchased a silk scarf, and some other Turkish things. It is a serious affair shopping in the bazaar. I don't know a more amusing sight than to stand beside one of the many hundred stalls and watch the people buying. And when you engage in it yourself, you must have a good stock of patience. For, whatever formerly may have been the case, now-a-days the seller always began by asking a much higher price than he intended to sell his goods for, and the amount to be paid depended much on the pertinacity of the buyer. I have bought things at least at half of what was asked at first. The dialogue was somewhat as follows. Taking up some article I said, "Johnny! catch groush?" (how much). The merchant named a sum, and I, referring to a little vocabulary, found the amount, and its value in our money. As a matter of principle, I said at once, "Yok" (no). This at once shewed that there was to be some higgling; so he replied "How much?" and I named about the half of what he had asked. He answered, "Yok." I then raised

my offer a peg; and if he remained obstinate, I walked off to another stall and began as before. Usually, however, they did not suffer the customer to go so readily, and we continued, I advancing and he coming down, till we left a debatable ground which was tedious to settle. If it was an amount of some little value, the exhibition of a sovereign or half-sovereign, or five franc piece in gold, usually settled the question. I have seen a Turk who had been higgling away at ten piasters a bid, come promptly to the scratch by the offer of the gold. The Turks who were going about—hundreds were in the bazaar at once—used often to stop and watch the "Inglees Johnnies" at their bargains. We might have lessened the trouble by hiring a dragoman to buy for us, or going to one or two Greek merchants with fixed prices; but it was great fun doing the shopping in the Turkish style. Fatigued somewhat with our labours, we got a capital luncheon of arrow-root and iced lemonade in one of the stalls.

Many curious traits of Turkish character and habits cross one in these excursions. In one

place, near the mosque, close to the bridge of boats, are a row of little stalls, where scribes sit ready to write letters for those who choose to employ them. From the numbers of those we saw getting that assistance, one would think that few Turks can be able to write.

19th.—Strolled about in the shady parts of the streets of Scutari, with no defined object, but inquisitively going into every open door, to see Turkish manners. Among others, a caravansary or inn—a vacant building, with a hearth in the centre, where any one on a journey can tie up his ponies or camels, and spread a mat for his own repose. The "bonâ fide travellers" in the East never leave themselves at the mercy of innkeepers as we know them. A very ordinary person, on a journey of a short distance—occupying, perhaps, a few days—has as many bundles with him as a family in our country going to the coast for some months. They rarely have trunks; but huge, mis-shapen bundles which can be tossed about. In these they have some bedding, some clothes—if cleanly inclined, which is rare—and a supply of food, consisting of a pot of

pilaff—*i. e.*, rice boiled with some sort of grease—bread and cucumbers or melons, if they are not likely to be near fruit-stalls. All along the public roads are fountains, wherever a spring can be found; but in many parts these are not numerous, so that one can easily understand the hurry-scurry which takes place among the camels of a caravan when they approach these watering-places.

So highly prized is a well of good water in, or near, a large city, that wealthy individuals in Turkey often leave large sums to build and endow a fountain. The endowment is to keep it in proper repair and to pay a custodier, whose duty it is to live in the building and keep the drinking-cups clean, and attend to the drinkers. These fountains are among the most remarkable buildings in large Eastern cities, and some of them are of most elegant designs and costly finish. One close to the landing-place at Scutari was much valued by our men. There is always one beside a mosque, where the worshippers may wash their feet before entering.

Passing down one of the streets, I heard a strange babel of tongues, and finding it proceeded

from an upper room, the door of which was open, I walked in, and found myself in a Turkish school. There was a large heap of tiny slippers piled at the door, and across the room several benches, beside which a number of children were squatted. They seemed to be jabbering away much as children in a country school with us. The master—an imposing-looking patriarch—did not seem to notice me, but I soon attracted the attention of a few youngsters near me. By the offer of some *bon-bons* I had in my pocket, I got two or three to venture near me; and they shewed me their books. I wanted much to get one, and offered them some piastres for it; but, of course, they could not give it. The master now noticed me, and came up. He at once knew what I was, and returned my "Bono." But I did not wish to interrupt his duties, so I gave a few small coins to the children next me. This roused their enthusiasm to a most unexpected pitch; for they set up a tremendous shout of "Bono Johnny!" "Bono Inglees!" and continued to cheer till I was fairly out of sight.

Another building I visited was an hospital

occupied by sick Turkish soldiers. It was clean, and well aired. The beds are quite close to the ground, and it must be a very fatiguing thing for the surgeon to stoop down and attend to his patients. During the visit, all who can raise themselves are made to sit cross-legged on the bed till they are examined.

20th.—Dr. M'Dowal visited us to-day, on leave of absence from the Turkish Contingent. In the evening we had a tumbler of toddy, and "remembered absent friends."

21st.—Aitken and I crossed to Galata, to get the steamer for Therapia. As we waited on the bridge of boats, which serves as a pier, many a queer scene presented itself to us. Several steamers were puffing off steam previous to starting. They lie with the stern to the pier, and a narrow ladder leads to it. The bridge is guarded on each side by a low wooden rail; but outside this, is a narrow path leading to the steamers. The planks of the bridge are much cut up by the constant traffic, but the flooring of the outside ledge is disgraceful. It was rotten in many places, and if you do not look to your footing you

are apt to fall into the water. We saw one man put his foot through a hole, and nearly disappear through the bridge. It is really in a ruinous state.

I have before mentioned the shameful way the men treat women in public. It was painfully forced on our notice in sailing up this time. The sun was scorching, and a great crowd was on board. The women were jammed into the little *pen* at the stern till there was not standing room. The men were calmly sitting on stools in their own compartment. So crushed were the women, that some were prevented entering their proper enclosure, and remained standing outside. Not wishing to be obtrusive, we remained for a while sitting on stools we had secured. At length a young lady came on board, accompanied by a black woman carrying a child. They had been hurried, and were much fatigued. Seeing the nurse worn out, the lady took the child herself, and the black squatted down on the deck, the men leaving the lady to stand in the sun's rays carrying her child. I could not bear this, so I thrust my stool, past a group of men,

and said—they knew what I meant—"If you have no politeness yourselves, hand that to the lady." So she got my chair, and Aitken handed his to another, much to the amazement of the "lords of the creation" who were not so civilized.

At Therapia we found Dr. Davidson, who introduced us to his newly-married wife, and we were received with all that hospitality which a Scotchman can shew to his countryman in "foreign parts."

In the evening returned to Pera, where we dined in the Café Casino, a restaurant—dinner good, in the French style, and a luxurious change from our ordinary rations. We crossed to Isania with two clean-looking, trig caïdjis by name Mahomet and Mustapha. In our kind of *lingua franca* we had some conversation with them. They always began; "Inglees bono, Francais bono, Turco bono, Russe yok bono!" Mahomet had been at Varna and Silistria, where he had been wounded, but had a pleasing recollection of having killed two Russe. We often crossed with these men afterwards. I told

them I was hakim basha (doctor), but they seemed convinced that Aitken was a papas (clergyman). And that was a standing joke when we ferried across with them, saluting Aitken as "Papas basha."

22nd.—To Episcopal service in chapel at eleven. Also at three to Presbyterian service, Mr. M'Nair preaching. Only a few present at the latter. In the evening visited Mr. T. Haggar, convalescing from dysentery.

23rd.—This afternoon Aitken and I visited "Adda," or the Princes' Islands, a small group in the Sea of Marmora, a favourite resort of the Greeks of Constantinople. They are five in number, in size somewhat like the Cumbraes on the Firth of Clyde, the principal one called Prinkipo. A steamer sails several times a-day from Galata. On the way we met a little French lad, who told us all about them, and with whom we spent the afternoon. During the sail, which is about an hour and a half, the passengers amuse themselves playing dominoes, and drinking sherbets, and smoking. At the pier was a great crowd of wives and children waiting on the gentlemen, much as we see them

at the watering-places on the Clyde. The place was in great repute when we went, every available room being let. At the inn of Prinkipo we had to content ourselves with a shake-down in the saloon; but we were not displeased at this, as it opened on a balcony overlooking the sea, and was cooler than the little bed-chambers. After a famous dinner, we went out to see the natives. The whole population seemed turned out to promenade. At one place a band of music was stationed, and when it became dark there was a brilliant illumination kept up with blue lights. . . . In getting to bed, we were annoyed by the buzzing of dragon flies; partly to rid ourselves of these companions, partly to secure them as specimens, we had a hunt, and brought down several at least three inches long.

24th.—Returned to Scutari in the morning, and, Aitken being knocked up, we remained indoors for the day. Lawrence the man-servant was very attentive to his master, who was compelled to take to bed for that day and the next. Lawrence was a favourable specimen of a Maltese servant. He was thoroughly honest

among a set of notorious scoundrels; had his wife and a little child living down stairs with him; and had many curious traits of character, but was most attentive to his duties. He was not scrupulously cleanly in his person, but when dressed in his best was a fine-looking fellow. He was a good cook, and sometimes the stews he manufactured out of the ration mutton were wonders. Not that they were always edible, for he sometimes did them up with strange fragrant plants which he gathered in the gardens, and which I always considered of questionable safety. He made a capital rice-pudding, which we always fell back upon when his stews were too highly seasoned with the unknown herbs. He went every day to the purveyors for meat and bread, and once a fortnight for tea, sugar, rice, and salt. When I joined Aitken, the rations were doubled, and the means he adopted for carrying home the extra stores were simple but not *choice*. He came in with a face radiant with glee. "See, Sir, I bring home de rations. De sugar, tea, salt." Where, said I, is the rice. "See, Sir, he is here;" and, taking off his straw hat, he

shewed us the crown of it filled *with rice.* We roared with laughter, and, not seeing the joke, he put on his hat again to show how well he carried the rice on his head. However, he was a little chagrined when we confiscated that part of the rations. In the matter of rations we were somewhat amused. When I arrived the civil surgeons paid the usual two and a-half pence per day, for which they got ample supply of meat, bread, tea, sugar and charcoal. Some of them, thinking that by their contract they should get free rations, made a requisition to that effect, and out came a "general order," that the civils were to get no rations at all. So we had to forage for ourselves. A few days after a counter order as mysteriously appeared, and from that time rations were supplied to the civil surgeons free of all expense.

25th.—Did some shopping in Pera and Galata; got a Colt's revolver for Dr. Scott, which I had to sell again a few days after, he having provided himself with one in the interval. In Stampa's street there was an *al fresco* market of linen and cotton goods, all of Manchester make.

In the evening visited surgeons Brabason and

Knight, where I met Dr. M'Donnell "en route" to the Crimea from Smyrna. Met here also Mr. Knight, correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, his wife and sister-in-law. A strange place for ladies to be, here; they seemed quite at their ease in the funny quarters they had got.

26th.—In the morning went over to Pera to breakfast with M'Donnell at Misseri's hotel. While sitting in the saloon, a gentleman came in whom I at once recognised—Mr. Charles Taylor, my second cousin. Many strange *rencontres* take place here; neither of us knew that the other was in Turkey. He was here as a tourist, and had been in the Crimea a few days.

I accompanied M'Donnell to some shops to get stores for the Crimea, and then came back for Taylor, whom I took over, and shewed our quarters at Scutari, and then went back to Misseri's with him, and saw him off by the steamer.

Misseri's is the grand hôtel, where all the English go in Constantinople; and the present year it was always filled. I often used to go in, and take a walk up and down the hall, to see if I could recognise any friends. On these occasions,

I sometimes noticed a curious old buck, dressed very smartly, who was to be seen for a day or two, then disappeared for a time, and re-appeared. I afterwards found out he was a Queen's messenger.

27th.—Dr. M'Donnell visited us to-day, previous to his departure to the Crimea.

28th.—*Performed* one of the "institutions" of Turkey—in other words, took a Turkish bath. In warm climates, where the perspiration is naturally great, a bath of this sort is a great luxury. It is rather a complicated proceeding, and is somewhat as follows:—

Paying the entry-money, I was led into a little room with a couch—the windows open to admit the air—where I undressed, and put on a calico robe. From this I proceeded into a large hall, heated to a considerable temperature—the atmosphere being kept moist by steam. After sitting here for some ten minutes, I perspired freely; and when one of the attendants saw that my body was bedewed, he led me into a smaller chamber, the floor of which—marble—was so hot that I had to wear wooden clogs, which are pro-

vided for the purpose. The heat here is so intense, that I at first gasped for breath, but in a few seconds got reconciled to it, and then the moisture streamed from my skin in rivulets. This very copious perspiration relieves somewhat the oppression; and when I was supposed to be sufficiently softened, I was next conducted into a little recess of that room, where the heat was still greater. There a slab of marble, raised a little off the hot floor, itself comfortably warm, served for a couch, where I was made to lie down. A stream of warm water flowed over the surface of the marble, and the whole chamber was filled with steam. An attendant, at intervals, dashed a pail of luke-warm water over me, so I was soon pretty well macerated. I was now fit to be operated on; and a boy came in, and made a series of kneadings and manipulations of my joints, which were more amusing than pleasant. He certainly made some very odd cracks out of my supplest joints. After exhausting the gymnastic process, he rubbed the surface of the skin in a regular way, beginning at the feet, and going on to the neck. Then I was nearly

drowned in a flood of warm water; after that a man came with a gigantic shaving-brush, like a mop, and washed me again, and I was drenched a third time. At last I was taken out, positively half water, and left in chamber No. 2 with my toga, to recover breath. Another attendant brought a cup of coffee, and I soon felt in a delicious state of freshness. When I cooled down, I was taken into the first chamber, put on the couch, covered with soft quilts, packed well in to prevent cold, and a tchibouk and sherbet were handed me. I lay here for half an hour, and then dressed, feeling as light as a lark.

29th.—Thunder-storm in the morning. In the afternoon it was delightfully cool and clear. Dr. Aitken and I took a caïque, and sailed all round the sea-wall of Stamboul. It is a very interesting structure, evidently built by the Turks out of the ruins of ancient buildings. Columns, pilasters, arches, balustrades, urns, are all built into the wall topsy-turvy, obviously the ornaments of once splendid structures. We landed at one part, but the filth and squalor were more wretched than I ever saw in Stamboul before.

On the way home I felt excessively drowsy, and could not resist sleeping in the caïque. I had felt *used up* all day, and hoped the sail would refresh me. For some days back I had some slight premonitions of illness, but attributed them to the occasional diarrhœa of the hot season. I used to laugh at the others, who wore belts or sashes wound round their waists; but a week before this, while at Buyukdere, I was compelled to have recourse to one, which had a most beneficial effect, and I wore one ever after.

30th.—Still sick and heavy. Wrote letters. No appetite. Had to take to bed.

31st.—Very feverish. Aitken brought up Dr. Pincoffs. There was no mistake. In for fever. Was ordered an emetic, which decided the business. If I was uneasy before, the effects of the medicine drove me to bed, where I remained.

From this time till the 7th of August the fever went regularly on. It was of the form called "remitting," then known as the "Crimean fever." I have no doubt that the seeds of it were laid that day I spent among the stenches of Balaclava. I felt the first indications the day I

went to Buyukdere, and at intervals they recurred. The fever was unlike any I had seen at home. Every evening about seven o'clock I felt increased uneasiness and a desire to toss about bed, then great heat of skin and shivering. After two or three hours I became quite prostrated; and, during the night, profuse perspirations came on. For the first seven days I hardly slept at all, and when I did I awoke with the mind wandering. Only once was I fairly in delirium, and that of a mild kind. I remember distinctly rising during the night in a great hurry, and trying to dress; but feeling giddy began to stagger about, which awoke Aitken who soon got me quieted and put to bed. The only other symptoms were some very ridiculous wanderings with which I used to entertain Aitken when daylight appeared. The first night or two I felt much uneasiness from lying awake most of the night, but as I got weaker I did not feel it so much. I shall never forget the kindness of my friends, especially of Aitken who tended me like a brother. He remained beside me every moment his duties would allow him, and sponged my hands and feet

with vinegar and water like the tenderest nurse. Dr. Pincoffs, at Aitken's request, came twice a-day, and was very kind; though I own most of his prescriptions went away untouched, for I had no *goût* for much medicine. Of course the rations were of no use to a sick man, so Dr. Barr, the official attendant of sick officers, came to report on my case, and ordered me "sick rations," consisting of chicken soup, fine bread, three bottles soda water, and two pounds ice per day. The ice and soda water were a great luxury, of which others partook—the neighbours sending in their wine to be iced for dinner.

In a few days a slight dysenteric attack came on, which helped to pull me down so much that I was quite unable to sit in bed.

On the 7th August the fever was better, but left me very weak. The sun had been so hot after mid-day, that this day Laurence, our man, carried me and laid me on a camp bed in the mess room at the back of the house, where it was much cooler. This change of room did me so much good that I was daily taken there, and soon picked up again. The fever was a short one; and

though it had quickly pulled me down, I soon began to recover. In three days I could make my way, with Aitken's arm, to my cool room. But these were weary days. It was a bare, empty room, with three white walls—the fourth being all windows, with no view. I lay on a camp bed, and to shade the light a blue net curtain was arranged round my head. Here I was laid at twelve o'clock, and left perfectly alone till about five, when Aitken came in to dinner. There was not an object to take up my attention, except one picture cut from the *Illustrated News*, "the Winner of the Derby." I shall not easily forget my friend "Wild Dayrell," and his rider, which had been pasted on the wall by the former occupant, and was now my daily object of view. I don't know what I would have done had it not been for Dr. Birt's little children—Fanny and Franky—nice frank little weans. Poor things, they were brought out to pine on the unwholesome food and air of Scutari. They came in sometimes to see "sick Buchanan," and used to give me drinks. Dr. Birt himself came occasionally to sympathise with me; but he was tiresome. He

argued with himself, seeing I couldn't converse with him; so the best part of his visit was when he said good-bye.

10th.—A decided change for the better was evidenced by my taking some solid nourishment.

The great culinary triumph of the Eastern expedition was Aitken's manufacture of porridge. He procured an earthen pot, glazed in the inside only. He got the charcoal chaufer into the bedroom, and with some meal he had bought in Galata, lo! we had a plate of porridge. What a luxury to a sick man, especially a Scotchman! What visions of home! What a delight to see the "plopping" of the boiling mass! I made him draw the pot close to the side of my bed, that I might see the whole affair; and it was a perfect success. We never had anything else after; Aitken's porridge was known in many quarters after that. Birt coming in next morning, while Aitken was at work, was fairly astounded at the proceeding. He said his wife was falling off her food, especially in the morning, and asked if he might let her taste some. It suited her well; and ever after, Dr. Birt was to be seen coming up with a plate

for some porridge for his wife's breakfast. This courtesy of Aitken was returned by the present of a plum pie.

When Dr. Barr called to report progress, and found that I was at the eating stage, he changed my sick rations, and I had half a curried fowl, some Soyer pudding, and a bottle of Bass' ale, instead of the former sick rations. So there was enough for Aitken also. The curry and pudding was a pleasant change from ration mutton.

Although I was left in solitary confinement during the day, in the evening many friends used to visit me. But then Aitken was in, and I was not fatigued with speaking.

One day during my illness there came the most tremendous deluge of rain I had ever seen. It had been very hot—90° in shade; and one of the days the sirocco blew—a most penetrating, enervating wind—when the storm of rain came and cleared the air. It was like one continuous waterspout, and came into our room through crevices in the walls and roof, so that we had to have the beds pulled into the middle of the floor, where they stood like islands. The country all

around was flooded, so that next day the country people could not come in, and we had no milk to our porridge. . . . *A-propos* of milk, we bought it by the bottle. I forget what we paid, but it was rather expensive, and variable in quality, like the same comestible in our country. The Turks took a leaf from our books in various ways, adopting some of our customs which are least creditable. I believe that naturally and at bottom they are an honest set of people, but the examples they got and the temptations offered for cheating, were not improving. Of course, the increased demand raised the value of all sorts of commodities three or four-fold, and the sums given for eggs, fowls, butter, &c., were to the simple natives fabulous. But besides being in the habit of receiving prices which to them were astounding, and must have somewhat confused their ideas of the relative value of money, they were shrewd enough to learn another lesson. With the increased demand came increased supply, the smart and roguish Greeks and Maltese speculating and outdoing the natives. They soon found out the system our caterers

had of beating down, and experience soon shewed them that a buyer would rather take a thing which he had the pleasure of begging down, than buy the same commodity as cheap if offered at that price at first. The result was plain; they always asked more than they intended to take, to make up for the beating down. By the time I arrived in the East, a man was considered a perfect simpleton who would buy any article at the price asked. The natural consequence of the system is adulteration, and I need not add that the milk was duly watered. But they took no means to deny or conceal the expedient, evidently considering it an authorised English custom. On one occasion we saw the milk undergoing the process. Our milkman sold us a bottle of milk, and no sooner had he measured out our quota than he coolly went to the well, and added just as much water as he had given milk.

11th.—Dr. Davidson came down from Therapia to see me, and invited me to come up to his delightful residence to recruit, after I had pulled up a little.

12th.—Sunday. Yesterday and to-day I had

moved about the hall leaning on Aitken, my legs being very shaky; and in the cool of the evening, determined to qualify myself for getting soon to the refreshing breezes of Therapia, I took a short stroll with him. Close by our house was a pretty garden, belonging to one of the Turkish residents; and, looking into the gate, we saw a gardener, to whom Aitken said I was a "hasta hakim" (sick doctor). He asked us to come in, and we moved slowly round the walks, admiring the rich flowers, and eagerly inhaling the perfume —an immense luxury to me after my sick chamber. On leaving, the gardener kindly gave me a bouquet of fragrant flowers. Before turning indoors, I rested on a bench in our own garden; and our landlord, from the next house, came and congratulated me on my recovery. He was a fine old Turk, and we often used to sit and smoke with him; and by dint of signs, and a little "*lingua franca*," kept up a kind of conversation with him. He took a great interest in our doings in "Victoria House," and his little boy used to come and play with Birt's children. It used to amuse me much to see the youngsters

playing at ball. They seemed to understand each other quite well, and, whenever at a loss, everything was made clear by the perpetual "Bono Johnny."

13th.—I keep in-doors during the hot hours of the day. Still I do not sleep at night; but do not feel the want of this so much, having got accustomed to it. I got habituated to watch the approach of day-break. And what a glorious sight I had to look on as the blackness gave way to the morning. The panorama from my window was truly magnificent. When day fairly appeared—about six o'clock—I used to open the window at my bed-head, and laying my pillow on the sill placed my head on it, and breathed the fresh morning air, laden with the perfume of the lemon-grove below. Sometimes it was quite quiet all night through, or I slept an hour or two; but sometimes I was entertained by a chorus of those wretched wild dogs. Oh! the misery of lying awake alone, when that desolate moan and howling was going on! Sometimes one solitary brute kept up his dismal yell, but often others, attracted by sympathy, came, and

each in turn, or all at once, kept on their melancholy wail.

Then the mosquitoes. When the candle was put out *they* began. I need not describe the annoyance of these pests; but I have good reason to know what they can do to torment a sick man.

We used to hear some curious sounds in the evening. One was a very wild kind of music, not far from our house. It was a Turkish band of a military station close by. Sometimes it was much harsher than others, and of deafening intensity. We found out, that when it was so very harsh and wild, there was a poor fellow undergoing the bastinado, and the music was to drown his cries. Then there was a patriarchal old Turk who used to go about at dusk with a huge bamboo, with which he rattled on the stones. This we found was a policeman; but, unless we had been told, one would never have supposed that he was intended to keep the peace.

With these annoyances to irritate one, it may be imagined how I enjoyed the coolest and quietest time of the day—early morning, with its perfect stillness, freshness, and fragrance.

In the evening I got as far as "Chaplain House," where I saw Mr. Ferguson, Presbyterian chaplain, who had also been ill. He had some very odd and absurd notions about vegetarianism. As I required a pretty long rest, after even that short walk, it was darkish as we went home. Scutari streets are not well adapted for shaky limbs, and the absence of any lamps rendered the use of a hand-lantern almost necessary. When the natives go about after night-fall they carry paper lanterns. The streets are in sad disrepair —in many places full of holes, and, after rain, a mass of muddy ponds. Near the door of Miss Nightingale's house was a well-known hole of great danger, as it extended half across the path-way, such as it was.

14th—This evening, with Aitken and Pincoffs, took a sail in a caïque to the Bay of Kadikoi, looking into the Sea of Marmora. By the express permission of Pincoffs, partook of a melon. The sail was delightful, and the air invigorating.

CHAPTER III.

August 15th.—Went to Therapia. Mrs. Pincoffs had been ailing, and was going to recruit at Buyukdere. As it was always a fatiguing affair going over and waiting at Galata, we took a six-oared caïque to row the whole way. Drs. Aitken and Pincoffs went also. It was a glorious day, and we coasted up the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus. The steamers go along the European side, but to-day we had a near view of the Scutari side. I formerly mentioned that the banks on both sides are studded with villages, villas, palaces, mosques and cemeteries; and the endless succession of gardens with the most gorgeous flowers and fruits, urns, statues, and columns, the pure white graceful minarets rising from the massive domes of mosques, varied by the sombre but stately cypress trees, make up a scene which

cannot be properly imagined till seen. The straits were alive with boats of all kinds; huge French line-of-battle ships steaming up into the Black Sea (they used them for want of handier transport steamers, which we had in such numbers); our own well-known Clyde-built steamers, with sailing vessels in tow; large caïques, like lighters, crowded with passengers, the passage boats of the natives; smart crack little caïques —gaudily-painted private boats of the Turks, answering to our private cabs; and market boats, laden with the most luscious fruits. One of these last we stopped, and bought a basket of grapes, peaches, and figs.

At some parts, the current from the Black Sea is very strong. It runs with great rapidity, and where any promontory projects far into the straits the velocity is extreme. The Bosphorus is very winding, the shore being a succession of points and bays, and, curiously enough, where there is a bay on one side, on the opposite there is a promontory projecting out towards it. It seems as if the two sides had been forcibly separated from each other, and the

waters of the Black Sea allowed to flow down into the Mediterranean. In passing a promontory, the current is so strong that the caïdjis are unable to row against it. Sometimes they row out into the centre, but that is a loss of time; so they usually come out, and with a rope pull the boat up through the rapid, which they can easily do as the water is quite deep close by the brink.

On arriving at Therapia, Dr. and Mrs. Davidson gave me a hearty welcome. Aitken returned to Scutari in the evening with Dr. Pincoffs.

I formerly described the position of this charming village—charming for its situation. During the day, the heat of the sun is moderated by a refreshing breeze, which blows down from the Black Sea and strikes right on the promontory on which the hospital is situated. Usually it becomes quite calm by evening, but then the sun is shaded by the high hill which rises up behind the bay. It may well be called the "place of health," for a more delightful residence it would be difficult to imagine.

The change from the scorching heat of Scutari, which is out of the way of the sea breeze,

was so invigorating that I daily gained strength. The first two or three days I strolled among the gardens of the kiosk, in the shade of the trees; and was amused by the system of watering the garden, which is done by letting a stream flow from a spring into a rut, and directing it with a hoe into the various plots—a very necessary proceeding to give moisture to the vegetables, in that arid climate. In the evening, Dr. and Mrs. Davidson and I had a stroll a short way along the Bosphorus, and we daily extended our walks as I grew strong. It was always a source of amusement to them to see me staggering as I came home, my knees refusing to obey my efforts to seem quite well. But I must not give all the credit to the fresh air. Above all, I was here in the society of kind friends, and was surrounded with all the comforts of home. Mrs. Davidson's household affairs were conducted in a thorough Scotch manner, and if you had dropped in, be it at breakfast, dinner or tea, you might have thought you were in Scotland instead of Turkey—except that we dined in the hall and had all the windows open. No wonder,

then, that under the fostering care of my hospitable entertainers I soon gathered strength. It was strange, that after I was able to undergo a good deal of fatigue, still the effects of the fever remained. I never took tea, but the perspiration broke out afresh in a most unnatural manner; and it was long before my sleep became continuous during the night. For a long time I awoke about one or two o'clock, and had to change my clothes, being perfectly drenched with perspiration.

19th.—Sunday. Mr. M'Kenzie preached in the chapel of the hospital in the morning. His wife (daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Chalmers) was at this hospital as lady nurse, and was one of the most useful of that devoted band of heroines. He, being in delicate health, had accompanied her from Scotland; and the chaplain to the hospital having fallen ill, he had been officiating for him for a month or two. The room used as chapel was on the ground floor of the palace, and its windows looked out into the garden—lemon trees, laden with yellow fruit, growing up by the window. Mr. M'Kenzie read the service of

the Church of England, and then gave us a sermon, which in its matter, style, and earnestness of delivery, was a strong contrast to anything I had heard in the East. His ministrations were much appreciated; and all the English who were at Therapia used to frequent the morning service while he officiated. Lord Redcliffe was absent at that time, but Lady Redcliffe and family and the attachés were there; also, Admiral Grey, his wife, and many others.

In the afternoon we went to the wooden hospital, where, in the large ward, the beds were pulled into a convenient position, and Mr. Pyddock chaplain, from Scutari, then on a visit to Therapia, officiated at Mr. M'Kenzie's invitation. His sermon was, for the most part, a panegyric on the efforts of the female nurses. I believe, after officiating for Mr. M'Kenzie he took tea with that gentleman; and no one could then have thought that his visit would be likely to result in getting Mr. M'Kenzie into trouble; but that was the beginning of what we used to call the "Pyddockian controversy."

It seems that Mr. Pyddock, being of High

Church views, had been greatly scandalized at hearing that Mr. M'Kenzie—a Free Church clergyman—was officiating, with great acceptance at Therapia hospital. I formerly mentioned having been present at the funeral of the lamented Captain Lyons, on which occasion Mr. M'Kenzie read the burial-service at the grave. He had done so in the course of his duty, as acting for the sick chaplain; but, without communicating with Dr. Davidson, the medical superintendent, another chaplain in full canonicals presented himself to officiate. I believe he was chaplain in one of the vessels of the fleet then in the Bosphorus. The arrangements had already been made, and it was too late to interrupt them, even if Dr. Davidson had thought it proper to ask him to officiate. He was, however, present; and either he, or some one else, had told Mr. Pyddock an omission which Mr. M'Kenzie had made in the service. For reasons which need not be detailed, he left out the words "sure and certain" before "hope of the resurrection to eternal life" in the service. This, I believe, was the exciting cause of the whole affair, and the supplanting the other

chaplain was another element. No doubt Mr. M'Kenzie's popularity as a preacher, then well known at Scutari, was another cause. Add to this, that he had chosen as the subject of a series of sermons, certain doctrines of a controversial nature, which he was handling in a very masterly style—clear and useful, but not quite in accordance with the views of the High Church Episcopal party. The sermon which Mr. Pyddock heard seemed to have brought matters to a point, for in a day or two a letter came—I think to Admiral Grey—protesting against Mr. M'Kenzie being allowed to officiate any longer. Whatever may have been his private reasons, he laid his ground of protest on the disturbance which would be caused in the minds of devout Episcopalians, at hearing the *Absolution* read by one who was "not to them a lawful minister." Admiral Grey, who was the commanding officer in the Bosphorus, returned to Mr. Pyddock an answer which was a master-piece, and checked the interfering chaplain. It was to the effect that Mr. M'Kenzie had not *assumed* the office of chaplain, but was acting with his (Admiral Grey's) permission and at his request;

that he, and every one at Therapia, was indebted to Mr. M'Kenzie for his kindness, and that he would continue to avail himself of that kindness as long as there was no naval chaplain fit for duty; that the services were only intended for those of the naval service sent to hospital at Therapia, and that Mr. Pyddock had no right there; that the residents were admitted as a favour, but that if their presence was productive, in any way, of annoyance in future, he would require to adopt the harsh expedient of refusing them the benefit of the ministrations of the hospital chaplain.

I believe one or two letters passed; but that was the ultimatum of the Admiral, which ended in the discomfiture of Mr. Pyddock.

20th.—Dr. Davidson and I got ponies, and had a ride to the Turkish camp at Buyukdere. Being still somewhat shaky, it was rather severe work at first; but after a little I got on wonderfully. The ride along the banks is beautiful. In fact, to see the Bosphorus in perfection, one must see it from the land as well as from the water. Just before entering the town, there is a large

valley where the land transport depôt was quartered. In the middle of the plain is a magnificent oak tree, beside which, as tradition has it, Godfrey de Bouillon encamped with his crusaders.

Buyukdere, as a place of residence, is as fine as Therapia. It is more frequented and gayer. The Austrian, and, before the war, the Russian embassy had their summer palaces here, and a great number of the Frank merchants had their country-seats in and near the village. A large esplanade—used as a promenade in the evening—lies between the houses and the water, and a platform is erected on a pier, on which an orchestra performs. On a fine evening the place is alive with promenaders and rowers on the water, and the balconies and gardens are filled with pleasure parties. In the village, and some of the outskirts, are the same tumble-down, rickety, half-rotten houses of all Turkish villages. I think I before stated that all the houses in Turkey are built of wood, and, though picturesque when freshly painted, very soon become tawdry and mean-looking, if not kept in constant repair. A fire is a serious affair in these parts; and when I

was there nearly the half of Kadikoi, near Scutari, was destroyed in one night.

On arriving at the Camp I found my friends of the Contingent had shifted quarters, and we had some difficulty in finding them out. At one officer's tent where we applied for information, we certainly were received in a manner very ill-suited to those in Her Majesty's pay. We found Dr. M'Dowall at length, and he shewed us the Camp. Dr. Davidson was immensely amused at the *raw* condition of the junior officers. You might have thought that a cavalry action was going on, to judge from the way many were pounding through the camp on ponies,—"true midshipman style," as he called it. The truth is, that the attractions at Buyukdere were so inviting to the officers that it was common for whole parties to be away from the camp; so that a veto had to be put on this proceeding, and now the officers were strictly cooped up in camp, and, like wild beasts in a menagerie, were disposing of their superfluous energy by riding about in a frantic way, but without any definite aim.

Surgeon M'Gregor, who had amused me so

much on the former visit, I found in his bell-tent with not a remnant of his smartness of a few weeks ago. The relentless dust had fairly invaded his premises, and his uniform was given up to it, for, as he said, "it's no use lifting a brush to it—it is just as bad before you are well done cleaning it."

Returning home in the evening, we found Mrs. Davidson with a substantial tea prepared for us.

21st.—Being considerably shaken by the fatigue of yesterday, kept near the house in the gardens. On a hill behind the house was a seat beneath an oak tree, where we used to sit. It commanded a very fine view of the bay and straits.

Dr. Serle and his sister, Mrs. Mavrocordato, called.

22nd.—Beautiful walk among the hills behind the village; brambles growing in the hedge-rows, reminded me of home.

In the afternoon had an amusing *rencontre*. After dinner, Davidson used to visit the hospital, and I, feeling tired, was left to take a nap on the divan in the sitting room, the breeze from the water blowing into the room. Mrs. D. went

about some household affairs, and no one used to come to visit at that hour. I, then, coiled up in a corner of the divan, was snoozing most soundly, when I was awakened by the door being thrown open; and before I could uncoil and get up, the sailor-boy-in-waiting, with a loud voice announced "Lady Houston Stewart." Being a little *dazed*, I got up, rubbed, and tried to open my eyes; but Mrs. Davidson, coming in at that moment, did the honours of the house. I was amused at the conversation of the Admiral's lady—the object of her call being to ask Dr. Davidson to unite with her in resisting the exorbitant demands of a rapacious Greek washerman.

23rd.—Dr. G. Macleod, having been ill in the Crimea, came to the hotel at Therapia for a few days to recruit. Had a walk with him in the country behind the town.

In the evening, Dr. and Mrs. Davidson and I, with Dr. and Mrs. Dalby of the hospital, had a walk in the gardens and grounds in the moonlight. It was a magnificent scene.

24th.—Took tea with Dr. and Mrs. Dalby at

their house in the palace gardens, yclept "the den." There was an anxious consultation as to what was to be done with a lady nurse, who, having proved quite unfit for the duty she had undertaken, had been sent home. On arrival in England, thinking she had been too summarily dealt with, she had taken a passage out again, and was expected in a few days. I afterwards learned that Dr. D., refusing to receive her in the hospital, had referred her to the Admiral, who, immediately on her arrival, shipped her back again.

26th.—Sunday. Went to chapel to hear Mr. M'Kenzie. Dr. Aitken came to stay at the inn till Monday. He was ill of indigestion, and had some medicine at the hospital; sat with him in the evening.

27th.—We had a tea-party at Dr. Davidson's. Dr. and Mrs. Dalby, and Mr. and Mrs. M'Kenzie were present. (*Mem.*—Mrs. Davidson resisted my endeavour to put carb. ammon. into the cake she had baked, and it did not rise.)

28th.—Having now gained strength and vigour, I took leave of my hospitable entertainers, and

Dr. Davidson accompanied me to Scutari. We went down in the Admiralty steamer, with Admiral Grey. He had been ailing a little, and, at Dr. Davidson's recommendation, had come to stay at Therapia in the flag-ship moored in Beïcos Bay.

29th.—Aitken and I squared our complicated accounts in piasters; then went across to Pera and Galata to complete my purchases of stores for Dardanelles, where I had the prospect of passing the winter. In crossing back to Scutari, boarded a ship from Dundee, the mate of which Aitken knew; and we succeeded in carrying off some genuine whisky, which we converted into toddy at night.

30th.—Started in the Messageries Imperiales steamer "Sinai" for Dardanelles. Before getting tickets, we had a bother running about passports. We should have had three sets—English, Turkish firman, and French. We had only time to get the English; but Aitken helped me and Macleod, who was going to Smyrna, by speaking to the clerk in the steamer office, with whom he was acquainted. We started about seven p.m.

31st.—We had a great many passengers, mostly sick and wounded officers in the French army, invalided home. Also the Queen's messenger I had often seen at Messirie's, taking British mail bags to Marseilles or Malta. One of the Smyrna staff, who was a passenger, was amusing. He was sick in various ways. He was recovering from an illness, and was also love-sick. He had fallen in love with one of the Smyrna beauties—who had the credit of turning several of the young fellows' heads. She was on a visit to her friends at Dardanelles, and the young man referred to was going there with the avowed intention of *proposing* for her. He had not much hope of a favourable reception, and was preparing for a miserable retreat. The first thing I heard in the morning was the sound of a piano; and, peeping into the saloon, I saw the youth seated, and perseveringly practising the song, "I'll hang my harp on the willow tree."

Arriving off Dardanelles at mid-day, I got ashore in a boat and found Dr. Cowan and Mr. Maunder waiting for me at the landing-place with ponies. Mr. Holms Coote was leaving by

the steamer, and they had come with him to meet me. I deposited my luggage at the house of a Mr. Murescho, of whom more anon, and then we set off for Renkioi. The man Gibson, who had been at Candia House, was there attending to the bestial, and as there were more ponies than riders, we had to adopt a rather curious way of proceeding. Cowan and I rode first; Gibson came second with two ponies in tow—the head of one tied to the tail of the one in front; Maunder brought up the rear, with a long whip to touch up the led horses. The streets of Dardanelles being narrow like all Turkish streets, were very much thronged as it was market-day, so that sometimes it was no easy thing for the cavalcade to move along. Besides, some boisterous Bashi-Bazouks were inclined to stop the passage; however, by perseverance we got on.

. The Bashi-Bazouks—otherwise called Beatson's irregular horse—were the wildest and most *irregular* troops ever enrolled. They were something like Bedouin Arabs, mounted on ponies of great hardihood, but no great beauty. They wear curious calico robes, and when at the

gallop great streamers of cloth float behind them. They have a large shawl-like girdle round the waist, containing pistols, daggers, and knife; a scimiter hangs at the side, and most have a rifle slung at their back. They are all swarthy in colour, and are fierce-looking fellows. A few weeks before I arrived they had broken all restraint of the Camp, and in parties were marauding about the country—coming even to the British hospital, and threatening the stores, so much so that Major Lowe, with a party of soldiers from Scutari, was sent to keep guard at Renkioi. During the time of expected invasion, the medical officers had to take night about of keeping watch. Hence the demand for Colt's revolvers. The attack, however, was never made, and order had been somewhat restored.

The way to the hospital was along the shore of the straits, and just after leaving the village the best road is along the sand, where the water has partially wet the beach; it is strewed with sponges. Here it is delightful riding, the ground being pleasant for the horses' feet. About two miles down, the road leaves the beach, and crosses

a gentle elevation covered with brushwood about two or three feet high. There is no made road, as there are no wheeled conveyances, and all the indication that it is a highway is a path like a sheep-track, sufficiently clear for a horse or camel.

The bushes seriously interfered with the progress of the led horses, which began to get a little *skeigh*, and it took the assistance of all the riders to manage them. They, however, soon took the law in their own keeping—for, setting up a pransing, they at last broke loose, and scampered away over the hill; and then there was nothing for it but a chase. The brutes seemed to enjoy the fun; and Cowan, Maunder, and I, as well as the man Gibson, were tearing away among the brushwood after them. At last their trappings got caught in the bushes, and they were secured safely, and led as before. This took up so much time that dinner was just being finished as we got to the hospital. I was at once led to the mess-room —a wooden building fifty feet long, where I was introduced to Dr. Parkes, and had some dinner. In the evening got into the quarters of Dr. Scott,

who was at present in the Crimea on a visit—and began to make arrangements for my winter's residence.

Mr. Piggot, purveyor, came down in a boat with the mail in the evening, and brought my portmanteau. The hospital was only partially finished, and not yet occupied by patients. None had been sent there.

1st September.—Spent the morning in examining the hospital. The whole promontory on which it stands was strewed with planks and pipes for the remaining portion to be built, and workmen—British, Greek, and Turkish—were bustling about. The officers' quarters were not all finished, and some of the medical staff occupied one of the wooden ward houses.

"The second civil hospital in the East was placed under the superintendence of Dr. Parkes, to whom, in conjunction with Mr. Brunton, C.E., was intrusted the duty of selecting a site. It was thought desirable that this should be on the shores of the Bosphorus; but a careful survey of that sea, and of other localities in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, such as the Princes' Islands, failed to discover an eligible position. Eventually, an admirable site was selected on the shores of

the Dardanelles, about a mile and a half from the village of Renkioi, and about seven from the town of the Dardanelles. The ground selected consists of a very level piece of land projecting into the sea, with a bay on either side, so that there is a constant exposure to the prevalent winds, and a safe anchorage, from whatever direction the breeze may blow. The hospital huts to be erected on this site were designed by Mr. Bennet, and the wood-work and all the appurtenances sent out from England. In the month of May the work was commenced, and, notwithstanding many delays and disadvantages, arising from circumstances beyond control, there will be, by the time this appears in print, accommodation for at least 1000 men. The huts are placed parallel to the straits, in two lines, the interval between those of the eastmost line being greater than that between the other. A covered corridor connects the two rows. Each hut is 101 feet long, and 40 feet in breadth. It is divided down the centre by a partial partition, similar to that in the sheds of the Glasgow Royal Infirmary. The walls are whitewashed externally and internally, and the roof covered with felt, over which again is a layer of highly-polished tin; the object of which is, by reflecting the sun's rays, to diminish the heat. There is also a very ingenious contrivance for ventilating the huts, by means of wooden tubes placed beneath the flooring, in which there are communicating apertures. At one end of the huts are rooms for the orderlies and the medical officer, and baths; and at the

other, admirable privies and lavatories. In short, the arrangements made for the comfort of the patients, and for the maintenance of cleanliness, and of a due supply of pure air, are perfect. Each hut contains fifty beds, and the entire charge of it is committed to one medical officer. The dispensaries and other offices are complete and commodious. The kitchens and wash-houses are of corrugated iron. The medical staff consists, in addition to the superintendent, of twenty-four physicians and surgeons. Three of these are senior to the others, and have each the supervision of a division of ten huts, or 500 patients,—the accommodation for which the present staff was nominated amounting to 1,500 men. The residences of the staff are wooden houses, situated at some distance from the sea, but in the line of the huts; and a large mess-house for their use has also been erected. The remaining buildings of this colony are houses for the nurses, orderlies, and for stores. A very important element in selecting an hospital site is the quantity and quality of the water. From springs on the hills behind the Renkioi hospital an abundant supply of pure water has been obtained. The salubrity of the locality is generally acknowledged by residents; and the experience of the last four months—during which English artizans have been working for twelve hours daily, often under a powerful sun (the thermometer in the shade ranging from 81° to 95°), confirms the information derived from other sources. The supplies are principally obtained from

the town of the Dardanelles; but poultry is abundant in the neighbourhood. Vegetables are procured from the plains of Troy—distant about seven miles. The great disadvantage of the site is, undoubtedly, its distance from the seat of war. The average passage of a steamer from Constantinople is about seventeen hours, so that this has to be superadded to the voyage from Balaclava to Scutari. But it may fairly be questioned whether much, or any additional injury can be done to an invalid by protracting his voyage a few hours in a calm sea, if the transport be comfortable. The landing at Scutari, and the conveyance of the sick to its hospitals, is a tedious and fatiguing matter. At Renkioi they will be easily and expeditiously conveyed to the wards. In winter, the transport of supplies may be a matter of some difficulty, and the exposure to the wind, so refreshing during the rest of the year, may turn out a serious evil. But, on the whole, the *locale* of the hospital appears to have been judiciously selected, and bids fair to prove successful. It is now resolved by the Home authorities to increase the accommodation to 3,000. The arrangements which will be made for this augmentation are not yet known." *

In the afternoon Cowan, Maunder, and I went for a ride in the vicinity. We rode to the village of Renkioi—from which the hospital took its name,

* Private Letter, dated Renkioi, Dardanelles, August 20, 1855.

distant about two miles. The road lay over the hill behind the buildings—a simple path like that we had come by the day before. On getting to the heights, we had a fine view of the hospital on its promontory, and of the Straits of Dardanelles, here about three miles wide. About three miles above the Castle of Dardanelles stands the Point of Abydos, jutting out into the strait, where Xerxes attached his bridge of boats, and where Leander and Lord Byron swam across. The distance between the point and the opposite shore is more than a mile, but the swimmer must have gone double that distance—the force of the current carrying him down. Renkioi is a village of no note, occupied by Greeks of an inferior sort, who, at present, were in great prosperity, owing to the demand for stores for the hospital. Many of them, especially those affected with diseases of the eyes, were taking advantage of the British surgeons, and the village was a capital field for practice to our staff while waiting for official duty. We visited one on the sick list. He was the son of a gardener engaged in one of the numerous vineyards which lie on all sides around Renkioi.

Maunder, who was his attendant, thus acquired the privilege of eating grapes, *ad libitum*, and on the way we rested at this—afterwards known as "Maunder's vineyard,"—and, entering, gathered bunches of grapes of enormous size, and most delicious. I never saw such loads of grapes. They were just at perfection. One of the gardener's assistants, seeing our horses tied up, brought some water-melons, which he gave to the animals for a drink. This will give some idea of the abundance and cheapness of these luscious fruits.

Returning at sunset, the panorama which was spread out before us was most gorgeous. From the heights we saw away out into the Ægean Sea. In the distance the sun was sinking behind Mount Athos, which stood sharply out against the golden sky.

2nd.—This being Sunday, service was conducted in the hospital in one of the wards. Dr. Parkes read the morning service, and Mr. Brunton read us a sermon out of the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine.*

In the evening, Cowan and I sat in Brunton's

hut—an isolated wooden house, a quarter of a mile from our quarters. It was built beside the pier, in order that he might superintend the unloading of the vessels. He was a very pleasant man, and we often went afterwards in the evenings to have coffee. Dr. Robertson, of Edinburgh, lived in the same building. He smoked endless tchibouks, and it was edifying to see the readiness of M. Jiro, Brunton's clerk, in filling and lighting the pipes.

3rd.—The daily routine at Renkioi was as follows:—At nine we breakfasted. We were expected to find amusement and occupation for ourselves. Some kept ponies; others poked about on foot, exploring the environs. Cowan, Maunder, and Scott, had a joint-stock stable and groom, who rejoiced in the name of "Apostolo," a Greek boy. I got the use of Scott's pony in his absence. At four we dined. Drs. Robertson and Goodeve, the head physicians, took alternately one end of the table. At the other sat, week about, the other medical men. The wives of the married men appeared at dinner—Mrs. Parkes, Mrs. Goodeve, and Mrs. Hales. Half-a-dozen men-servants

waited, and they were expected to wait chiefly on their masters. The dinner was excellent—soup, profusion of poultry, mutton, &c., and lots of grapes and melons. A limited supply of Marsala wine was placed on the table, and beer was supplied to order. At night, we had tea, with the remains of the joints left at dinner —the debris of the fowls collected into a "giblet pie."

When the staff was first constituted, a certain number of men-servants were engaged, and Dr. Christison, jun., of Edinburgh, brought out three for nine of the medical men, of whom Cowan was one. Cowan had already given his three months' notice of his intention to return home, so, from the 1st of October, Gibson, before mentioned, was to be my servant. In the meantime, while Scott was away, Gibson, who also served him, waited on me. The first night of my arrival, Cowan, Piggot, and I, had a tumbler of brandy toddy, and afterwards Gibson, recognising the Scotch customs, came every night about ten, and asked if we wanted our boiling water.

About six p.m., when the heat of the day was

moderated, we bathed in the Dardanelles, on a delightful sandy beach.

4th.—After breakfast, Cowan, Maunder, and I, got a parcel of sandwiches, and started for a day's ride. We passed through the village of Renkioi, and continued for about six miles down the straits, keeping inland. We passed through another little Greek village, and then got on the hills behind. The cultivation is rather scanty, but when proper care is paid to the soil, the crops of vines, melons, and vegetables are very rich. There are plantings of wood, and many old trees. In some of the fields we saw herds or droves of ponies. On the top of one of the heights, we called a halt to bivouac. The view from this point was charming—commanding the sea on one side; inland, an undulating country, and away to the west was spread out at our feet the huge plain of Troy, dotted with hillocks and intersected by one or two streams, or rather beds of rivers; one probably the Scamander. We made a comfortable pic-nic and returned. On the way home, had some difficulty in passing on the narrow path a

caravan of camels on their way to Smyrna. They were at a roadside watering-place, and there was a great skirmish to get at the water.

5th—Stayed about the hospital grounds, and inspected the works. Had a visit from two captains of vessels lying at the mouth of the Dardanelles. They had made the voyage to this point in the ordinary time, but were wind-bound there. The current in the Dardanelles is so strong, that unless the wind is fair no vessel can get up. During summer and autumn the prevailing wind is with the current, and these vessels had to lie three weeks without being able to get through. The Government transports often got towed up by Government steamers, but these were not near enough for this work. An enterprising man might have made his fortune by starting a tug-boat. And the principal banker, an American, had a steamer called the "Tansimat," by which he made large sums of money in towing.

In the evening, Cowan and I instituted a game at rounders, to give us some active employment.

I can scarcely say I became acquainted with any of the Renkioi staff except those I saw elsewhere. I don't remember their names, and some I never saw. There being no patients, we never came together professionally, and the meeting at dinner was too hurried to allow of anything like an intimacy being formed.

6th.—Drs. Goodeve and Hale, having arrived from a short visit to the Crimea, reported that a want of surgeons was felt in Camp. So many had taken ill that the hospital was not officered. They had left Dr. Scott, and came down with news that Dr. Hall would receive assistance now. Cowan, Maunder, and I at once volunteered to Dr. Parker to go up, and he consented. I therefore looked out for my box, which I had not seen since I left Glasgow, and found it in a store. By violently seizing a waggon-driver (called an "Arabajee"), I got a wheeled vehicle to cart up my luggage to the quarters. The carting is all done on rude little waggons with solid wooden wheels, called "Arabas," drawn by strong oxen; but the rate of progression is very slow. I put the most useful clothing into my portmanteau, and locked

up my trunk against my intended return for winter quarters.

7th.—Cowan, not intending to return, sold by auction his superfluous clothing. I made a vain attempt to get some money, not having got any since I left home. But, through some formality or informality, Piggot, the purveyor, could not give it. I deemed, however, I had enough left to serve in the Crimea till I got pay.

8th.—Set off with Cowan and Maunder, attended by the man Gibson, at five a.m. Arriving at the town of Dardanelles about seven, we found that the steamer was not expected for some time, the wind being contrary. So we made a sort of repast in a Greek café, and then went for a rest to the house of M. Murescho, one of the land transport agents. This was a sort of "howf" for the Renkioi men when visiting Dardanelles, and Murescho was always very kind. He gave us wine and fruit, and begged us to use his house till the boat came. We passed the time lounging about the town, amused at the Bashi-Bazouks, who were going about in great numbers.

About two o'clock, the Austrian Lloyd's

steamer "Archduke Ludovico" came in from Smyrna, and we went out to board her. She came with a cargo of Turks for the land transport corps, and the gangway was taken up with the boats disembarking them. So we had to climb up the paddle-boxes on the other side, and haul up our luggage ourselves. The deck was crammed in every part with filthy Turks, and we had a great fight to tug our trunks over their uncouth bundles. When we started we tried to get on deck, but every spot was occupied by the Turks; and their company not being pleasant, we kept in the cabin most of the time. There were one or two passengers of a better sort, apparently officers, but they never went into the cabin—even at night rolling themselves in a mat on deck. It was amusing to see them at meal-time. They had a dish of pilaff (greasy rice) and they ate it with their fingers, with bread, cucumbers, and melons. At sundown many of the Turks performed their devotions. Stripping off their jackets, they kneeled down, and made their salaams. This they did in rotation—one, having said his prayers, gave place to

another, the spot thus being considered consecrated, and so more suitable.

Some of their bundles of luggage were of the most singular description. One thing was most absurd—a cloth bag for clothes, the mouth of which was closed by a gigantic iron padlock. If any one had wanted to abstract anything, it would have been easy to cut a little hole in it. The padlock put me in mind of Rob Roy's purse, with a pistol to shoot any one who tried to open it.

At two p.m. on the 9th we cast anchor in the Golden Horn. The crowd of boats to disembark the Turks was so great that we engaged one belonging to some Maltese, and got it round to the stern cabin windows, out of which we shoved our luggage, and then followed ourselves. The boat being heavy, we had a tedious sail to Scutari, but we arrived in time to surprise Dr. Aitken at Victoria House, and get some dinner.

10th.—Reported ourselves at the Quarter-Master-General's, where we got orders for passage to the Crimea. Then crossed to Galata and Pera, and made some purchases for camp life. Slept

in my former bed in Aitken's quarters—Cowan and Maunder having camp beds in the vacant room. The mosquitoes more wicked than ever. Renewed my acquaintance with porridge for breakfast.

11th.—Waiting for a ship. Examined the new pathological buildings at the General hospital. Being under orders to sail whenever the transport got up steam, I could not visit Dr. Davidson at Therapia, as I would have liked. Heard rumour of the taking of Sebastopol.

12th.—The steamer "Indian" reported ready to start. Had a bathe at Scutari. Heard a salute in honour of the fall of Sebastopol. The caïdjis in great excitement at the success of the Allies. Embarked in the "Indian" at four p.m. Dr. Wilson, of Hillhead, surgeon of the ship. Glided smoothly up the Bosphorus in the dark; the villages and palaces twinkling with lights. There are no shutters to the windows: so at night it is like a partial illumination.

13th.—Crossing the Black Sea: quite calm. Our passengers are a draft of Artillery; also, a great many Turks for the land transport service,

who principally occupy the empty horse boxes on deck. The cabin filled with officers; the greater number returning from sick leave at Scutari. The highest in rank was Colonel Kelly, who had been taken prisoner by the Russians, and was exchanged. The crew were chiefly Scotch. The captain had a queer passenger, a Durham man, who had a berth in Dr. Wilson's cabin. He was very landsman to look at, but the captain seemed to like his ways, and they were good friends—spending a great deal of time playing at backgammon. The purser was a stout little man from the meridian of the Salt-market, and entertained us with salt herring at breakfast, as well as oatmeal cakes.

During the day we met a steamer coming from the Crimea. We went quite close; and, when within hail, our captain with a trumpet spoke the vessel. "What news?" "Sebastopol taken." "Is the North side taken?" "No; but not a Russian to be seen." Then we cheered!

CHAPTER IV.

September 14th—Off Balaclava in the bay. A gentle swell as we steamed up and down. The signal from the Fort at the Castle—not to enter.

15th.—The signal still flying for the steamer to remain in the bay. We got ashore in the captain's boat. Landed at the Ordnance wharf, where we saw soldiers employed in handing on board ship large quantities of shot and shell of large size, evidently shewing that the siege operations, at least with the heavy guns, were now over. We were anxious to get up to the front without delay, but could see no prospect of finding any conveyance for our luggage. Cowan and Maunder went to see Mr. Jenner the purveyor, who had been formerly at Renkioi, and I stayed on the wharf to keep a look out on the traps. After a

while they came back with a small mule cart, and loading it with our boxes, we started for the Camp. I formerly described the road to the *front* along the railway. The cart road is longer, to avoid the steep incline, and at the top of the hill, before entering on the plateau, is situated the hut or house of "Mother Seacole," called "The British Hotel." Here we called a halt, and refreshed ourselves with a draught of porter, and saw the active Creole at her occupations. This store was very conveniently situated, within two miles of the Camp, and was always well supplied with all sorts of eatables. Things were a little more expensive than at Kadikoi, but you could always depend on their being good; and it was worth while saving the climb up the hill, unless when taking in a large supply. On getting up to the plateau, we noticed a great movement of troops. A body of French, many thousands strong, was on the road leading from the plateau into the plain of Balaclava, and towards the Tchernaya. We at once suspected that this force was going to occupy the low hillocks on the south of the river, the siege operations on

the French side having ceased. This we afterwards found to be the case.

On arriving at the Camp, we went to Dr. Smith, of the General Hospital, and soon after, Dr. Hall, Dr. Mowat, and some others of the staff, came past on their way to visit Sebastopol. We presented our credentials to Dr. Hall, who at once appointed us to the General Hospital, and requested Dr. Smith to allocate to us wards and camping ground.

Dr. Smith made out the necessary requisitions, and we soon were furnished with two tents. We got a fatigue party of the 14th regiment, who pitched our tents in the second row of the huts of the hospital—Cowan and I taking possession of one, Maunder sharing Dr. Scott's. As we could not get food for a day or so, Dr. Lyons kindly invited us to dine in his hut, which we did, along with some other surgeons from Smyrna, who had joined a few days before, and had formed a mess with Lyons until their own rations were on a proper footing.

16th.—The noise and hubbub of Camp awoke us early in the morning, and about seven there

was a great shouting and playing of bands. Going to the tent door, we found that this was caused by the departure of a part of the Naval Brigade, whose comrades were cheering them off, the bands playing "Cheer, boys, cheer!" They seemed in great spirits at leaving the Crimea.

The morning was cloudy and wet, and soon the whole ground around our tents was a mass of thick, stiff mud—giving us an idea of what it must have been after the rains in the winter. Whenever we moved about, the shoes took up great thick masses of clay, or stuck fast in it. And on entering the tent we had to leave our shoes at the door, if we wished to keep it clean. We devoted this day to getting our quarters in order. We were entitled to a tent each, but Cowan and I agreed to occupy one together; and, for protection against rain and heat, we had the second one put over the first, so that we had a doubled tent, with an interval of two inches between the cloth of the two—an arrangement which, we found, kept the inner one perfectly dry and cool.

We visited the camp of the Naval Brigade, and found some of the officers anxious to sell their appliances, as they were to leave in a few days. We bought a table, basin-stand, and camp-stool; and we met a sailor bringing a chair out of Sebastopol, which I purchased of him for two shillings. We then got some wine boxes from the store, and set about rigging up our tent, and in a few hours we had a very comfortable home. The tent is about fourteen feet in diameter, and ten feet high in the pole. One half was Cowan's, the other mine, and as we were not of great bulk, we had a very desirable house. Round the outside of the tent the men dug a trench about a foot deep, so that the rain which ran off the canvas did not flow into it, but into the ditch, and thus left the floor dry. Some tents have the floor sunk some two or three feet, the ground being excavated, but that does not allow of so perfect ventilation. As it was a great object not to have any attraction for flies, fleas, and other unpleasant creatures in the sleeping-place, we managed to get another tent, which we pitched alongside, and used as a *mess tent*, along

with Scott and Maunder, with whom we agreed to form a mess.

The floor was hard and firm, our tent being pitched before the rain came on, and we got a strong horse-cloth, which we used as a carpet when undressing for bed. I was quite astonished to find the comfort of sleeping in a tent; for, even when it became bitterly cold at night, our little house was cosy and warm. Indeed, we usually had to leave some of the hooks of the flaps forming the door unfastened, to admit a sufficiency of air.

Huts Nos. 21 and 22 were set apart for my share of the hospital; but I was not to have them for a day, until Lyons and Scott, who had temporary charge of them, removed some cases. I found that we had indeed come in a time of need, for there were not surgeons to overtake the duty—two lying sick of fever, and a third useless from diarrhœa. When all the huts were apportioned, the staff of the General Hospital was as follows:—

Dr. Taylor, divisional surgeon, 3rd Division; Dr. Mowat, principal medical officer of the hos-

pital; Dr. Smith, 2nd Class Staff, local head of hospital; Assistant-Surgeon, Mr. Salter.

These were the only military men. The rest were civilians: Drs. Fraser, Rook, Lakin, Ranke, Eddoeos, Hulke, Scott, Maunder, Cowan, and Buchanan; Dr. Lyons, Pathologist.

The Camp General Hospital was placed a short way in rear of the third division of the army. It was as near the lines as it could be with safety, and occasionally a few round shot from the Russians came plunging into the neighbourhood, but no serious damage was ever done. It was on the face of a hill rising out of the Sailors' ravine, which formed the boundary of the British extreme left, and was, therefore, in a position as airy and healthy as could have been chosen. The huts were originally intended for the 14th and 39th regiments; but these troops were camped out on each side, and the guard and hospital orderlies were drawn from their ranks. The huts were very rude and slimly built, but were quite sufficient for spring, summer, and autumn weather; in heavy rain, however, the roofs latterly leaked a good deal, and necessitated the use of

a water-deck to each bed, which consists of a very strong waterproof sheet, and may either be laid over the bed-clothes, or, still better, may be slung up, inclining backward, so as to form a water-shed for the intruding rain. In consequence of its nearness to the lines, this hospital was of the greatest service, as the wounded could be brought up within a very short time of their receiving an injury. The cases treated here were almost all surgical, except after the fall of Sebastopol, when the sick of those regiments engaged in the Kinburn expedition were left behind.

Twenty-two huts were appropriated to the hospital, besides several for stores and officers' quarters. Each hut could contain fourteen beds, although rarely more than twelve patients were admitted. This allowed of a passage of three feet between the rows of beds, and a space of a foot and à half between each. There were plenty of folding shutters to admit air, and, in fine weather, when these were opened, as well as the door, the interior was cheerful enough.

The hospital staff varied from time to time; but usually it included one staff-surgeon, first

class; one staff-surgeon, second class; one or two army assistant-surgeons; the remainder, ten or twelve, being civil surgeons temporarily attached to the army. It may here be stated, that although many persons, both at home and at the seat of war, thought that it was quite unnecessary to appoint any civil surgeons, the emergency being past, and the surgeons of the service being supposed sufficient in number for any call that might be made on them, yet, about the time of the assault on the 8th September, the number of available surgeons was so much reduced by disease, that Dr. Hall had to write to Scutari, inviting all the civil surgeons who could be spared to volunteer their services in the Crimea; and at that time only two military surgeons were acting in the hospital. The number of the staff was kept up by volunteers from the civil service at Scutari, Smyrna, and Renkioi, and the utmost cordiality and harmony prevailed between the two branches of the service.

The huts were under the charge of two orderlies—one for day, the other for night duty. In a few cases these were intelligent men, but, as they

are all told off from their regiments as fatigue men, very often they were far from fit to attend the cases. In the regular hospitals there are trained hospital orderlies, and now female nurses; but in the Camp hospital the attendants had to be formed from the raw material in the field, and, considering their want of experience, it is just to say that many did their duty with great credit.

The Camp hospitals, regimental and general, were well adapted for the treatment of surgical cases, but not so for fever and other lingering and depressing affections. Nothing can be more annoying to a person in a state of nervous irritability, which often is a concomitant of camp fever, than the continual noises which are produced on all sides. At early morn an unnatural and hideous cock-crowing begins—a compound of screaming and shouting—which the feathered biped seems to have picked up from the sentries, and repeats for more than an hour, till he has fairly crowed the sun from the horizon. Then comes the bugle every half hour from five o'clock, and at intervals during the day; then the Maltese sutlers, with their cries of tobacco, matches, soap,

and fresh eggs; then the band tuning their instruments, and practising for an hour or so; and lastly, the explosions of the guns and mortars,—all of which, though never noticed by a man in health, who sleeps through them all, are most distressing to one whose principal want is absolute rest. For this class nothing can operate so beneficially as removal to the quiet retreat at the Monastery. But for surgical cases—especially those not dangerous, and those progressing towards recovery—the liveliness had a good effect; and moving out among their comrades, and listening to the regimental band, which played regularly on the parade before the hospital, rendered the men cheerful and contented.

The hospitals are well supplied with stores of all kinds, and every luxury is procured on the first requisition. There is nothing left to be desired in the way of supply.

17th.—Occupied the morning in still further arranging the tent furniture, and procuring more for the *mess* tent, which we got from the Naval Brigade.

After luncheon I went down with Maunder, to

visit the scene of battle in the parallels. We walked down the "valley of death"—to the "Quarries." As we got near them, the whole surface of the ground was torn up with shot and shell, which were lying about in great quantity. The "Quarries" are a series of excavated pits, from which limestone had been taken for the buildings, and as they were situated on a slight elevation in front of the Redan, the Russians had converted them into a battery, or outlying defence, by constructing a large, rude wall of sand bags, gabions, and barrels, with embrasures for guns. On the 7th of June our troops forced the Russians from them, and retained possession. They then mounted guns on the work towards Sebastopol, and from these the cannonade was poured on the day of assault. The evidence of the conflict was plain, in the masses of broken missiles strewn about, and the broken barrels of some of the guns. In front of the "Quarries" the ground sloped down gently to about half-way to the Redan, and then as gently rose up to it.

At the bottom of this slope was a trench, and half-way up the slope towards the Redan

was the fifth parallel, about 150 yards from the enemy. As we got into this last trench, we at once perceived why our loss of men had been so great in working here; for the rock came so close to the surface of the soil that only a small quantity of earth could be dug up from it to form the parapet, which was to be the cover from the enemy's fire. Consequently, the men were much exposed, and had to work almost unprotected, hewing up the rock with pick-axes, and even by blasting. Some soldiers who had been at the assault, pointed out the manner of attack. At the word, the whole of the attacking party, who were lying huddled in the trench, swarmed over the wall and began to run over the flat space to the Redan. Half-way to it, a few yards of low mound-like wall had been constructed to serve as a shelter for dragging the wounded into; the whole of this space was literally strewed with torn coats, caps, belts, and other accoutrements, and with broken muskets and bayonets. The soldiers told us that immense quantities had already been gathered up as relics, but still there remained great mounds

of debris, although it was now eight days since the battle.

We now entered the flat mound known as the Redan. I could liken it to George Square, Glasgow, with one of its angles projecting into the space we had walked over, and slightly elevated above this space (which in military language is called a "glacis") and separated from it by a ditch about ten feet wide, and of equal depth. This ditch was perpendicular on the side next the glacis, but had a slight slope to the battery. The wall of the battery was quite ten feet high, so that when our men got down into the ditch, they had to climb a steep bank at least twenty feet high. It was too deep for them to jump into, so they had to get down by ladders and planks, which the storming party of sailors carried with them. The wall had been a good deal smashed by the cannonade, so that in some places the ditch was partly filled with rubbish; and in other parts the soldiers tore down the gabions with their hands, so as to make the ascent easier. In some parts, too, where the missiles had made a gap, ladders were laid across like bridges.

The corner of the Redan which projected towards the glacis was called the "Salient angle." Besides the difficulty of climbing over these obstacles, the guns on the parapet wall were so placed, that they could sweep along the ditch; at each discharge, therefore, whole masses of our men were disabled. No wonder that so many were wounded before they could get on a fair field with the enemy. When we got over the wall into the Redan, what a scene of horrors! The ditch was used as a common grave for friends and foes. The bodies were thrown in, and covered up with rubbish from the parapet; but as yet only a partial covering had been made, and, though the corpses were concealed from view, the stench of putrefaction was most stifling. In the Redan the ground was rent up like a ploughed field by the shot and shell from our batteries, which were lying about in large quantities. The scene inside was even more appalling than what we had seen in crossing the glacis. The men, having been cooped up with the walls, fell in great numbers in one spot, and the whole place was filled with

Russian accoutrements, and clothes, and broken arms. I picked up some bullets, &c. Most of the cannon were broken, and many dismounted; the carriages of the ship guns also were split up.

The ingenuity of the defences was most extraordinary. Between every two guns were traverses, or little walls, to isolate them from the rest, so that the hostile missile was confined to the compartment into which it fell. The embrasures were covered with mats of cable, swung on a hinge for the protection of the gunners; and the ground was floored with mats of the same construction, to prevent the shot striking up bits of rock or stone. About ten feet behind the outside wall was a second, with numerous gaps, behind which the men could retire when hotly pressed; and here they actually made a stand when our men drove them from their guns. Within this second wall were several subterranean caverns, capable of holding some hundreds of men. They were of great strength, being supported by pillars formed of the masts of ships, and roofed with spars covered with ropes and turf, so as to be shot and shell proof.

The stench in these caverns was horrible—bloody clothes of the wounded who had been carried in, lying about.

In the rear of the Redan the ground sloped suddenly down a steep hill into the part of Sebastopol called the Karabalnaya. Several roads led down into the town, along which reinforcements had been poured into the Redan from the barracks. Down one of these we walked, and entered the town through a gap in a large rude wall, which had been drawn across the street. The whole of the scattered buildings in this part were in ruins, having been smashed by our cannonade. Some of these were dwelling-houses, others machine-shops. In the latter, the machinery was lying huddled together in pieces, so as to render it difficult to find out what sort of work it had been.

Walking along the road which led straight into the Karabalnaya, we soon came to the Admiralty harbour, in which some dismantled vessels were lying sunk near the shore. Along the shore were ranged great numbers of cannon, from the Arsenal close by—some of them of

brass. A great many were no more than one-and-a-half feet long—pretty little guns, like those for yachts, but they were too heavy to carry away. The first large building we came to was the hospital, in two quadrangles. The part next the batteries was quite riddled with shot, and the chapel was nearly a ruin. Entering this, we found the interior dismantled; and the only relic I could get was an ornament from the altar, which was lying on the ground and broken to pieces.

The interior of the hospital itself was an awful scene of confusion. All the patients who had been left by the Russians were removed, and the dead buried; but one of the soldiers who was going about told us there were still some unburied bodies in the garden. The interior was quite gutted; for, although the roof remained on, the second floor had fallen in in some parts. This, we were told, was in consequence of the enemy having sawn the joists close to the wall, so as to fall down when our men entered. I cannot say that we saw the cut ends of the joists, but certainly the floor had fallen in many parts from its own weight. The whole of the hospital

repositories had been broken open, and the floors were strewed with all sorts of things. What surprised and amazed me was the immense mass of old slippers. I saw hundreds of pairs lying about. Also whole piles of papers and medicine books. In one of the rooms these papers were knee-deep. I picked up a few, and found them prescription papers. The tressel-beds, presses, and wardrobes, were mostly broken and strewn about. After walking about a little among the dismantled buildings, we returned to Camp by the Woronzoff road and Greenhill.

18th.—On duty all day, dressing wounds of my patients in huts 21 and 22. Most of them wounded at the assault on the Redan, a few remaining from previous engagements.

19th.—Dressing wounds and studying cases all day. The afternoon wet, bleak, and dreary. We were glad to keep in our tent, which was dry and cosy.

20th.—Having got over my duties in the forenoon, I rode down into Sebastopol with Dr. Lyons the pathologist, who had a "pass" into the French side. We went along the Woronzoff

road to the head of the Admiralty harbour, and across the flat ground between the Redan and Flagstaff batteries, near the cemetery. At the entrance to Sebastopol proper was a French sentry, who demanded our pass. The town is built on a gently ascending hill which overlooks the harbour. The road is led along chalk cliffs on the brink of the Admiralty harbour, and, on reaching the highest point of this road, where it turns to the left to enter the town, we found ourselves on a projecting elevation, which juts out into the water between the main and Admiralty harbour.

From this spot the view is most beautiful. My attention had always been so much taken up in considering Sebastopol as a fortress, that I had never thought of it as a finely-situated, town. But, when the natural beauty of its situation was thus suddenly presented to me, I was much struck with the perfection of the view. When we turned our backs to the "blood-stained ruins" of the houses, and looked down into the two harbours, and away up towards Inkerman—a fine breeze rippling the

water, and making it sparkle in the brilliant sunshine—I was reminded of some of our own lochs on the Clyde. On a gentle slope towards the main harbour is a park, or garden, in which was an obelisk and one or two monuments; and at the bottom stood the now gutted Fort of Nicholas—a semicircular building, with a red tiled roof, well known in the prints and plans of the city. We dismounted, and tried to poke our way in, but a French sentry would not allow any entrance. In the street behind the fort—a broad, well-macadamised road—were six French mortars, so placed that the fort concealed the gunners from the enemy on the north side. Some artillerymen were placing these in position. We afterwards learned, that, as soon as they were used, they drew such sharp firing from the opposite side, that many casualties occurred among those riding in the vicinity, and a few days after, our men were prohibited from visiting the town. The 3rd Buffs were at first stationed in the buildings of the town; but it soon turned out that the enemy's fire from the north made the place too hot for them,

and all intention of wintering there was soon given up.

We rode through many of the streets, and were much pleased with the order in which the gardens of the houses seemed to be kept. In one main street an enterprising cantinier had established an "*Estaminet*," under the name of the "Café St. George," where we called a halt, and had a "*petit verre*." The principal building which we visited was the "Hall of Justice," the Grecian temple, which is so well known in all the pictures of Sebastopol, and which we used to call the Theatre, or the Club House, before the place was taken. It is a handsome Grecian structure, with a colonnade. The copper roof was broken in many parts by our missiles, and almost every column was chipped. The interior was quite sacked, so as to render it impossible to tell what sort of place it had been.

In returning along the Woronzoff Road, we found large parties of fatigue men employed in repairing the road so as to facilitate the carting of stores of wood and other building materials out of the town, to erect comfortable winter quarters for

our troops on the plateau. In some places the numbers of shot and shell were so great, that they were laid close to form a kind of iron causeway.

21st.—M'Donnell, surgeon from Smyrna, being now convalescent from fever, Cowan and I walked along while he rode, through part of the parallels. We were much struck by the vast extent of the trenches, and after winding about among them for half-an-hour, were surprised to find ourselves in the Greenhill battery, where we had started at first.

Dr. Complin, M'Donnell's colleague, had also had fever. Poor fellow, he was still very weak, and he and M'Donnell were to leave next day.

Complin died at Scutari, on the way to Smyrna.

22nd.—On duty at the hospital all day.

23rd.—We had now got fairly into the routine of Camp life. Our tent was comfortable, and our mess regularly established. The tent was pitched on the rising ground above the Sailors' ravine. The hospital huts were ranged in three rows, with wide spaces for streets between each row, and room for one, sometimes two tents

between each hut. The door of our tent was turned to the Black Sea, so that when sitting at our little table, or standing at the tent door, we could see away out to sea, and could observe the ships anchored as blockading vessels off Sebastopol. Cowan and I contrived some little luxuries which few of the others thought of. We had a horse-cloth for a carpet, and by taking it up every morning and folding it away, we had a clean, dry flooring on which to undress in going to bed. We never allowed any soldier or orderly to come into our sleeping tent, but made our beds ourselves whenever we rose in the morning, so that we had it as clean as was possible. We, however, never got entirely free of fleas!

The flies kept pretty well up into the roof, but the fleas took possession of the bedding. We soon, however, got used to them, and in the morning we always swept them off with a hat-brush, as crumbs are taken from a table-cloth. In this way we kept them down. We got a large powder canister, which served for a water tank; this we placed just inside the door, and we got it filled once a-week. The water was

brought to the hospital from the wells in large skins slung on mules' backs, and when we wanted a supply, we seized a mule when we saw one, and backed it to the tent door; and placing the spout of the skin (the leg of the animal from which it was made) into our tank, allowed it to fill. The water was muddy, but in a few hours it settled down, and became clear enough for washing. We got a supply of clear spring water for drinking, by sending an orderly to an excellent spring about half-a-mile distant, near a French ambulance. All the attendance we needed was for the occasional brushing of our shoes, and we got one of our orderlies from the hospital huts to do this at first.

As to our cooking, we employed the orderlies for that also, giving them a small wage. But after a while that was discontinued, and we engaged a servant for ourselves. Scott, Maunder, Cowan, and I clubbed our rations, and had a common eating tent. This tent was pitched close beside ours, so that we could keep a look-out on the goods. All the eatables and cooking apparatus were kept in it. We had bought at Scutari

a supply of tin plates and *tots*, or drinking-cups, also pots, pans, and kettle. Some of our knives and forks and spoons began to disappear soon after we came, till we contrived a lock-up box for them and the drinkables. Our first cook, by name Coulter, of the 39th, turned out an appropriator, and we got another, but a man of few contrivances, so that our dinners were none of the best; but we soon got a famous servant—William Hird, of the 14th—who was a capital cook. Except on parade days, he was at our service from eight a.m. till eight p.m., with one or two hours' interval. Being in our service, he was excused from drill in his regiment. He got £1 a-month from us beside his regular pay. He was a most obliging man—handy and civil, and we left most of the arrangements to him. Every morning at ten he went to the store and brought the butcher-meat. We were allowed one pound beef or mutton each per day, and the Camp arrangements were such that we had to get it the day it was killed. The animals were slaughtered early in the morning, and all was disposed of before ten o'clock. It did not keep well more than

twenty-four hours, and so was often very tough. Sometimes we contrived to *tender* it by shutting it up in a tin can, away from the flies, till the day after. We had an advantage in clubbing together; for we often got our four pounds in one piece, and sometimes our man contrived a really wonderful stew of shoulder of mutton. It was of a very lean and scraggy nature; and when Hird brought it on a plate to ask how he was to do it up, our minds had rather ominous forebodings of dinner. The beef—so it was called—was of the most dismal meagreness. It was given out in jagged bits, which a dog would not pick up in our country, and no one had the hardihood to dignify it as steak. When it was to be prepared in the way to be as near as possible to that, it was called "fried meat." But it was more like burned leather. However, we more frequently got mutton, and, with onions and potatoes, Hird made capital Irish stew and potato soup. We got onions and potatoes served out sometimes, and we could always get them to buy at Kadikoi or Mother Seacole's. We usually had a dish of boiled onions, and Scott's favourite request was,—"I say, will you

give me an *ingan?*" Sometimes we had Julienne soup, dried vegetables being served out, but it was not very digestible. We always had "Crimean pudding," composed of boiled rice, rum, and sugar. We had a very fine Cheddar cheese, which was the envy of all who knew our mess. So we were not ill-off in the way of dinner. In the event of any mishap to the rations, we kept some pots of preserved beef; but it was only as a last resource we went to that, for even the scraggiest fresh meat was more palatable than the unctuous mass contained in these sealed tins. Only once we got salted pork, and that we hung to dry for a few days, and fried for breakfast.

Two glasses of rum were served out to each per day—far more than we could use—and in a short time we had several bottles accumulated, which we gave to men to do some little services for our comfort.

We took week about, in turn, of being *caterer*. The caterer had charge of the common funds; and his duty was to see the meals prepared, and relieve the others of any responsibility; also to lay in stores when required. And it was always

a source of amusement—the pretended ignorance of the others on sitting down to dinner. "I say, Mr. Caterer, what have we to dinner?" Then came the almost uniform answer, "A capital Irish stew!"

A ship in Balaclava harbour—the "Tartar"—sold stores of all kinds; and we got the loan of a mule, and laid in a capital supply:—five dozen of bitter beer, porter, and sherry, cheese, &c. We got ship biscuit served out *ad libitum*, and once or twice a-week brown bread. This could only be eaten one day—turning sour the next. Tea, coffee, and sugar were served out to us, and when we wanted more we could buy at the canteens.

We got a log of wood a-week, and by clubbing kept up a sufficient supply of fire-wood. Our cooking-place was just a few stones; but one night we made a foray, and succeeded in carrying off a kind of grate, that was lying, unused, beside one of the huts. This was a great saving of trouble and fuel.

The routine of a day was much as follows:—

Breakfast at nine. Tea and coffee, without milk; ship biscuit and red herring, and the cold

debris of yesterday's Irish stew. Our servant being often on parade with his regiment about breakfast-time, we took turn about of frying the herring or beef.

Luncheon at one. Cheese and biscuit and marmalade (a heavy item,—Scott voracious at marmalade), and a glass of beer; cold meat, if any had been left over, and pickles. Our luncheon-time was always known; and it was amusing to notice how our neighbours *happened* to look in about that time, just to ask what was the last "shave in camp." Ours was the only mess where you would always find some friend calling at meal-time. So it was mighty popular. The others were all single, so they rarely had anything standing over till next day.

Dinner about six,—as before stated. After dinner, coffee.

Hird always stirred up the fire about nine, and left the kettle to boil, and Cowan and I made a *tot* of rum toddy before bed time; then our cigarette. One other luxury Cowan and I had. The nights became very cold, and we used the rest of the hot water to fill bottles for our beds.

The routine of duty was this :—After breakfast we visited the huts, and dressed wounds—a much more laborious task than in a civil hospital; for the orderlies, being uninstructed, had few ideas of their own, and we had to tell them the simplest things; and even it was quicker to fetch water and dressings ourselves than wait till they awkwardly provided them. Some of them became handy enough through time, but that was rare, for they often were removed to their regiments when they were getting into the way of acting; and not a few, taking advantage of their situation, got drunk and useless. One of mine—"old Fox" by name—I found one day, in an inebriate state, snoring on a bed. And so with some others.

On ordinary days the visit lasted till one o'clock. If any operations were to be performed, they were usually done at two—after Dr. Mowat, the chief, had made his inspection.

At eight p.m. the drums of the regiment beat the call home; and after that we made an evening round to the more important cases.

We took day about of being orderly-officer—whose duty it was not to quit the hospital at all

during the day, so as to be within call on any emergency. This allowed the others to take excursions in the afternoons. The orderly of the day was expected to be present at the kitchen at two p.m., to see the food served out to the sick, and report on its condition. The kitchen was a hut in which were fires and boilers; but most of the cooking was done in the open air, on small wood fires.

The orderly-officer also went round all the twenty-two huts at eight p.m., to see if all the orderlies were at their posts. In this round he was accompanied by Sergeant Beer, who had charge of the others, and who threw the door of each hut open, shouting with stentorian voice, "Attention!" at which all who were able stood up and saluted —which proceeding rather astonished me at first, and always threw Scott into fits of laughter.

The most troublesome duty was filling up the diet rolls—it being necessary to mark opposite each name the amount of meat, bread, &c., he was to have, and it was always irksome. Any extra, either as a dressing or article of diet, had to be got by a separate written requisition.

One day before the Naval Brigade finally left, they had a sale of their effects. We bought a capital table for our mess tent, and some other things.

Before the Brigade left I visited Dr. Cotton, whom I found sitting with Lieutenant Bosangait in a comfortable mud hut, with a cheery coal fire, and the tea infusing before it. They offered me the hut to live in after they left; but it was in the Sailor's ravine, 200 yards from the nearest sentry, and our effects would not have been safe so far away from the hospital huts.

26th.—In the afternoon Cowan and I took a walk over the plateau to the telegraph tower, on the Woronzoff road, where it turns down the face of the steep hill leading into the plain below.

The view from this point is very fine. From this spot the Allied Generals viewed the battle of the 25th October, celebrated for the *stand* of the Highland Brigade, as the *thin red line* which received the charge of the Russian horse; also for the thundering charge of our heavy cavalry, and for the brilliant, but ill-fated attack of the light

cavalry on the enemy's guns in position. The whole plain of Balaclava and of the Tchernaya lay in our view. This vast valley is bounded on one side by a semi-circle of hills, beginning in the heights above Balaclava, and extending round into the Mackenzie heights, on the other side of the river Tchernayá, which, again, are continuous with the high ground on the north side of Sebastopol. The boundary of the valley on the Sebastopol side is formed of the plateau which extends round into Balaclava, on the west side of that harbour. The whole plain is about four miles broad, and eight miles long from Mackenzie heights to Balaclava. This plain is intersected by the Tchernaya, which runs parallel to the Mackenzie heights, at from one to two miles' distance. On the south side of the river is a range of low hills, dividing the Tchernaya valley from the plain of Balaclava. Several gaps exist in this range of hills—one right below the plateau, another half-way across the plain, and several at the other side, close to the boundary hills, on which is situated the village of Kamara. Through these gaps the Russians deployed on the 25th October. Their

southern openings were guarded by cannon, and it was the battery at the second defile, above mentioned, that the Light Brigade charged. At the southern slope of these hills, and parallel with them, the Woronzoff road crosses the plain, from the plateau to Kamara. Half-a-mile south of these hills is a subsidiary range of hillocks, stretching across the plain from near Balaclava. There are four or five isolated high mounds, about half-a-mile distant from each other. The first is close to Balaclava, and was called "Canrobert's Hill." The others projected into the middle of the plain. These were the well-known and ill-fated Turkish redoubts which fell into the hands of the enemy on the 25th. When it is remembered that the Russians were in force at the first range of hills, and that these mounds were isolated from our army, and only contained some hundred Turks, no surprise need be felt that they fell easily before the swarms of Russians who swept over the plain. When we visited this spot, of course the whole was in the hands of the Allies. The French occupied the heights next the plateau, the Sardinians the most distant,

while the Highland Brigade was quartered on the hills of Kamara.

As we looked down on the plain the whole of the actions were easily understood. Down in the middle of the valley a large body of French were going through exercise. They were at such a distance that they looked like a solid black mass; and even when cavalry were charging—which we made out by the glittering of the swords—they seemed only to creep.

On returning to our quarters, we came along the Woronzoff road, and this led us through the French part of the Camp. At this part of the Camp, a mushroom village of wooden huts for the sale of stores of all kinds had sprung up. The signs reminded one of a French village, "*Estaminet*," "*Boulangerie*," "*Vins et Epiceries*," &c., &c. We went there sometimes afterwards for groceries and various commodities, which were moderate in price.

Looking about at the various shops, we came unexpectedly on a young officer of the 42nd; and, to Cowan's surprise, he found it was his cousin, Wilson Black. "Hallo! are you here?"

That was the amount of the surprise. We at once adjourned to a "*Debit de Vins en gros et en detail*," and had a bottle of champagne, in which we pledged one another, with "Here's to *absent friens*." Black was in charge of a company of the 42nd who had been visiting Sebastopol; and having called a halt at "little Kamiesch," as the village was called, the men had been taking advantage of the *estaminets*. Black had been in the trenches with his men on the 8th; and, though they were all ready to attack, they had never been called out to support the first attacking party. From all I have since learned, I am convinced that the Redan affair was a bungle. There were plenty of soldiers down in the trenches, who were determined to succeed, but by some mischance they were not called out; where the fault lay it was not so easy to say.

27th.—This afternoon, along with the Rev. Mr. Somerville, the hospital chaplain, I took a ride along the Tchernaya. We descended into the plain at the extreme right of the plateau opposite Inkerman. There are two roads for wheeled

vehicles into the valley—the one from Balaclava, the other the Woronzoff road. Besides these, are two horse-paths—one through the Guards' camp, midway between the two roads; the other, that we took. The face of the plateau through which it passes is entrenched and guarded by the French. The road is very steep, and we had to wind down zig-zag to give the horses a proper footing. At the bottom is a large pond—almost lake—into which one branch of the aqueduct flows. For a long period of the siege this was common ground—the enemy being on a hillock on one side, the Allies on the plateau opposite, within range of each other. By common consent, this was neutral ground: the horses being led down in the evening to be watered—the Russian on one side, the Allied on the other. Since the winter, however, the Russians have retired from the valley of the Tchernaya, and left the Allies to its sole possession.

We rode round the head of the pond, and along the opposite side; winding round the base of the hillock, and then along level ground between low hills and the river Tchernaya.

The plain of Balaclava was shut out from our view by these *Fedukyn heights*—on which the French and Sardinians were now posted. On our left were the Mackenzie heights, with Russian redoubts along their face—about from one to two miles distant, but quite within gun-shot range, as was evident by the round shot lying about on our path. One or two shots were fired from these redoubts—but those were down near Inkerman, and gave us no anxiety. The aqueduct along which we rode is a small canal, about five feet broad and three feet deep. The water was clear and pure, and ran with a gentle current. It is raised a little above the stream of the Tchernaya by an embankment. The river meanders through the plain between the aqueduct and Mackenzie heights, and lends a rich verdure to it—hedge-rows and a few trees were green when in all other parts they were burnt up. Some cattle were feeding in the valley, unconscious of the danger around. In winter the whole plain is sometimes flooded.

About two or three miles up the aqueduct we came to the memorable Traktir Bridge. This is

a stone bridge of two arches, across the river, where it is also fordable at most times, opposite the second gap in the hills, along which we had ridden. The village of Tchorgoun is situated about a mile higher up the valley, on the other side; and from the Mackenzie heights a well-made road leads across the bridge, through the gap above mentioned, and joins the Woronzoff road in the plain of Balaclava. This point was, therefore, of much interest. It was one of the keys of our position. Along this road the army made the celebrated cross-march after the Alma —marching round Sebastopol into Balaclava. Across that bridge, and through that defile, came the Russian army into the plain on the 25th October, when they gained footing again in the valley of Balaclava. These defiles were charged by the Light Cavalry Brigade. And a few weeks ago the battle of the Tchernaya was fought on this spot.

We rode over the heights, through the French Camp, and returned to the plateau along the Woronzoff road.

CHAPTER V.

September 28th.—This forenoon the third division was got under arms, and went through the whole evolutions of a mimic engagement. The south side of Sebastopol being now taken, it seems that the commanders are about to begin exercising the troops, to fit them for taking the field. A year's work in the trenches requires a little manœuvring to fit the army for moving about.

It was a brilliant morning, and the staff, with their gay uniforms and feathered hats, had a fine appearance. The men, also, were astonishingly smart; and no one who saw that review could have conceived that these were the men who had been burrowing in the trenches all winter. It is true many of them were fresh recruits, but many had been out all winter. But, if the individuals were looking well, the regiments were a sad sight.

Small, square, compact bodies—a third, some a fourth of their proper strength; the rest had all gone, by wounds or disease.

To-day we had a great event; we gave a dinner party. Each of us invited one guest. Our invitations were:—Maunder invited Mr. Rooke, of our hospital; Scott, Dr. Cowan, of the 55th; Cowan, Dr. Smith, second class staff, of our hospital; and I, Dr. Lyons, the pathologist. You may be sure we required some management to get up a good entertainment. We lived on scraps and preserved meat for two days, saving up our rations.

William Hird, our man, was in his element, and he contrived wonderfully; and when it is considered that we did not have recourse to the *cuisine* of Mother Seacole, I am sure we had a capital bill of fare.

The beef of one day I concocted into brown *soup à Macaroni.* Having misty ideas of the manner of cooking it, I proceeded as follows:—I cut it up into little bits, and frizzled it in a frying-pan, and then put it in a little water to steep till next day; then strained it, adding

ketchup, cayenne, &c.; it smelt gloriously, and tasted as well—rather *hot*, though. The rest of the cooking was confided to William; and how he managed so many pots on the open wood-fire is a mystery.

Cowan, of the 55th, couldn't come; but the seven were as many as the little tent could well hold. Bill of fare:—Brown soup; Irish stew, much admired; preserved beef; boiled haricots; stewed onions; potatoes; rice and jam; Crimean pudding; cheese; porter, ale, sherry, rum punch, and toddy; and, of course, coffee.

We had great fun. Lyons came in full dress—*i.e.*, a huge towel for a white cravat, and a pair of enormous gloves. When one thinks of the seven people in the tent, the steam of the viands, and three candles, some idea may be formed of the heat. The dinner party was voted a great success; and our mess became more popular every day.

29th.—Walked with Scott to the Monastery of St. George. The road lies right across the plateau to the extreme left. We passed out of the Camp, and, in some places, came into pretty

little glades, perfectly radiant with the autumnal crocus, and looking so sweet and peaceful that you almost forgot it was the scene of the war. We passed over the hills on the west of Balaclava, through Omar Pasha's Turkish Camp.

The Sanatarium of St. George's Monastery may justly be considered the finest in the Crimea. It consists of twelve huts, each containing twenty beds, and fitted with every convenience and comfort that could be wished. The huts are double planked; the windows, one pane of thick glass swinging on a pivot; the doors opening into a little porch, so that they can be kept open without dust, rain, or snow blowing in. The roofs are water-tight. The supply of water is excellent, and a capital kitchen, constructed on the best principles, is attached. Its situation is admirable. It stands upon a perfectly level plain, or plateau, which skirts the Black Sea, but is elevated to a great height by the precipitous rocks of the coast. The coast scenery, at this part of the Crimea, is of the grandest description. It is completely rock-bound; not a foot of level beach interposes between the cliff

and the sea. Vessels, at a few yards from the rock, cannot find holding-ground for their anchors. Two gaps only are found along this forbidding barrier. The one is the narrow cleft, opening by a winding natural canal into the land-locked harbour of Balaclava. The other is the bay of the Monastery, which looks as if it had been formed by some mighty convulsion, which has broken up the face of the crags for about half-a-mile, and tearing off huge, fantastic pieces, has planted them like so many minarets shooting out of the water. The debris of the cliff has collected at the base, and forms a very steep, but beautiful beach, which was often a favourite bathing-place. The gap which remains is a steep and rough declivity, down which a serpentine path leads to the shore. Every nook where a particle of soil can rest is radiant with wild flowers—natural trees and shrubs shelter them on all sides from the storms; and when there is any space resembling a level, the monks have constructed an artificial terrace, where they cultivate herbs and fruits. Into this charming little nook, the mid-day sun shines directly, and the

gentle curve of the sides concentrates the heat to a great degree, so that wherever soil is found, or has been collected, the fig, grape, melon, and cucumber luxuriate. At the top, and overhanging the sea, stand the quaint buildings of the Monastery of St. George; and even here the slope of the rock is so sudden, that the houses and walks are placed, in many places, on terraces of solid-built masonry.

Officers are sent for convalescence, from time to time, to the Monastery; but the hospital alluded to is on the plateau, about a quarter-of-a-mile off. It is a moderate, but sufficient distance from the scene of action—or *the front*, as it is called,—being about three miles from the nearest part of the Camp, and about seven from the nearest battery in our lines; and, as the ground swells into hillocks a little inland, the sound of the guns is much deadened before it reaches this spot. As there are no troops posted near, except such as are necessary for a guard, the patients are saved the annoyance of the perpetually recurring and irritating noises inseparable from camp life. The situation of the

hospital on a perfectly level plateau, admits of its being enlarged to any extent that may be thought requisite.

We entered the Monastery through an archway which led into a kind of courtyard, and from that on to a kind of esplanade on which acacia trees were growing. At the entrance, we saw one or two people moving about, but inside all was still as death. We lay down on a broad parapet wall, on the edge of a terrace overlooking the bay before mentioned, and basked in the sun, as we gazed out into the Black Sea. Suddenly the stillness was broken by a chime of bells which began to ring. When they had ceased, we heard a distant sound of music; so we got up, and went in at a door from which the sounds seemed to come. Here we found ourselves in the chapel of the convent. The monks are detained prisoners of war, and they perform their religious services as formerly. They were chanting some part of the service when we went in, and some of the music was very fine. One man, in particular, had a very grand bass voice. They belong to the Greek Church; the mum-

mery is not so marked as in the Roman Catholic service, but they have picture symbols, &c. There were about half-a-dozen priests at the service, and about a dozen strangers had collected to hear the music.

On leaving the Monastery, we saw some other Russian prisoners, among whom was Mr. Upton, an Englishman, employed in the Sebastopol dockyard. As I formerly stated, he lived in a villa in the middle of the plateau; and when the Allies came upon it, he gave himself up a prisoner of war. His house has long been in ruins from the cannonading, but is still a prominent object in the French approaches.

30th.—Sunday. Service in the operating hut. Mr. Somerville, the chaplain, has service every Sunday at eleven. He is an excellent man, and much beloved by the soldiers. His sermons are short, but striking, and admirably adapted to the situation of his hearers. The audience was rarely large—from six to twenty wounded men, and three or four medical officers. On account of the heat, which was intense at mid-day, the doors and shutters had to be left open, so it was little

else than a shed. We saw all the Camp and the sentries, and we could occasionally hear a bomb fired off in the distance. It had a very peculiar effect, to be sitting amid the *matériel* of war, and to hear the prayer, "Give peace in our time." It was very solemn.

Along with Scott and Maunder, in the afternoon, visited the French left attack as far as their head-quarters. Their camps are, for the most part, well arranged, but the hygienic regulations do not seem to be so strictly enforced as in ours. We observed a striking contrast between the amusements of their soldiers and ours. Rarely did ours gather into knots of more than four or five to any amusement. But with the French, the amusements seemed regularly organised. True, they seemed of the most elementary and childish description, but it served to occupy their attention; and I have seen from fifty to a hundred men sitting in a circle, and playing at what seemed to me very like "Hunt the Slipper." Then their regimental bands were excellent, and their concerts were more organised than ours. Sometimes one or two neighbouring

regimental bands would unite, and hundreds of soldiers and officers, and visitors from our Camp, would form a promenade concert. Near their head-quarters, we saw a number of sailors from the Naval Brigade, very different from our rough-and-ready Jacks. They were fine-looking men, but rather "operatic" in appearance for work, being got up in naval "traditional costume."

As we came along, we had noticed, on an elevation in front of head-quarters, some groups of men, and now quite a crowd had gathered. They were all gazing intently towards Sebastopol. We went up to the mound, and saw what they were looking at. The whole mass of building known as the "Barracks of the Karabalnaya" was in a blaze. The flames had already spread over one entire side of the square, and the roof was just about to fall in. Although it was bright sunshine, the flames were distinctly seen shooting up to a great height, while dense volumes of thick smoke rolled off from the burning mass. There was a good breeze, and the flames spread with great rapidity. The sight was so interesting, that we remained looking at it for a long time, and

it was amusing to hear the conjectures thrown out as to the cause of the fire. The general rumour was that it was a well-aimed Russian shell, which had exploded in the building; but another, and I believe it was afterwards corroborated, was that the shell had not exploded, but a sailor, strolling about, had come upon some loose powder, and, out of sport, had dropped his pipe-ashes on it, and so had lighted up the conflagration.

We had spent so much time on this sight, that it grew dusk before we were far on our way; and ere we reached about a mile from the Sailors' ravine—which we had to cross before we got into our own Camp—it suddenly became dark. In this latitude the darkness of evening comes on much more rapidly than in our country. No sooner does the sun dip below the horizon, than it is just as if you had put an extinguisher on a bright light. It grows so suddenly dark, that you can scarcely distinguish objects around you. My former *rencontre*, and seizure as a spy, came uncomfortably to my memory; but I was now with companions. There was nothing like a path to grope along; we were walking along dried-up

grass and loose stones. However, we endeavoured to walk straight in one direction, guiding ourselves by the lurid glare of the burning houses. At last we came to about half-a-mile from our Camp, as we judged by having crossed the Sailors' ravine high up. On the sloping ground before us were numerous lights, from tents and huts, and one very bright camp fire, with a dark figure flitting now-and-then in front of it. We at once knew that this was some one cooking at the fire; and, hoping it might be our own quarters, we pushed rapidly on, when, to our delight, we came upon Hird, serving up our own dinner—the patience of Maunder and Cowan being quite exhausted waiting for us.

1st October.—Again, with Maunder, visited the "blood-stained ruins" of the Karabalnaya—riding through the French works on their "Right Attack." We rode past Cathcart Hill, across the ravine, through the British right siege train, beside an old windmill, well known by the plans and picture in the *Illustrated News* Passing through part of the French Camp, we began our survey of the approaches at Victoria.

redoubt. This received its name when the British occupied this part of the plateau at the earlier part of the campaign, having undertaken the attack of the whole of the Karabalnaya. After Inkerman, it was quite evident that they could not continue there, as well as defend their rear. The French then sat down before the Malakoff, and Russian works to the right of it, and undertook the defence of the plateau.

The Malakoff, Mamelon, and Victoria redoubt are three conical hills, in a line with each other. The Malakoff highest, Mamelon next, the other a mere mound. The Mamelon is five hundred yards from the Malakoff—the Victoria redoubt nearly a mile-and-a-half in rear of the Mamelon. The battery at first erected on it was soon given up, being too distant to be worked well. The French tents came near to it, and in its rear some men were always camped. The zig-zags began in front of it; the parallels, covered ways, and trenches were very numerous and complicated. Batteries had been placed in several parallels, but, since the Mamelon had fallen into the hands of the Allies, the guns were concentrated in and

near it. We rode into this well-known work, from which the victorious assault had been made. What an appalling spectacle! The whole interior of the hill had been excavated, and torn into fragments, by a fearful explosion of a *magasin*, which had been ignited by a Russian shell a few days before the assault. In the chasm were huddled together guns, carriages, gabions; coats, hats, boots, clothes, arms, all in perfect chaos.

The five hundred yards between the Mamelon and the Malakoff was the most wonderful specimen of military engineering in the Crimea. The ground first slopes gently down, then there is a considerable level, then a very gentle slope upwards, then a short steep incline, and the mound on the top.

As the Mamelon was commanded by the Malakoff and various other works, the trenches were entered from the rear of the work; and for the first half of the way the trenches were similar to those elsewhere, but the last two hundred yards the guns of the battery in front could almost sweep the zig-zags, so that it was an object to get the men along them as fast as

possible. The ground also sloped up to the Malakoff on all sides—so as the approaches neared it, they came as to the centre of a circle of a very wide circumference. It was impossible then to spread them out much, and thus round the Malakoff the trenches were like a spider's web. To shorten the road between the parallels, and to save space, recourse was often had to a "Serpentine Sap"—a very ingenious kind of covered way. It was a ditch six feet deep, and with walls of sand-bags on both sides; so that whichever way a ball was shot, the men marching in the sap were always protected, or as it is called, covered, from the enemy's shot.

At various parts these ways led into a larger space, very deep and well *covered*, called a "place d'armes," where the men who were huddling along the trench were collected before they made the rush to assault. The furthest forward of these parallels was only a few yards from the Malakoff wall; you could throw a stone into it. That at once explains the difference between the French and British on the day of assault. They had only to run a few feet; our men had

to get across a flat piece of ground, for one hundred and fifty yards, exposed to a storm of grape and canister shot. Why the French got up so close, was just that they had got into loose, soft soil, while we were quarrying among limestone rock.

We tied our ponies to almost the only tree remaining of the whole abbatis. An "Abbatis" is an obstacle composed of trees placed close side by side—the trunk next the ditch, the branches spreading out towards the besiegers, so that when they come up to them, some delay may be caused by their requiring to scramble over the branches. I need not say, that this obstacle was placed there more because it is the "rule" than for any service it did—the cannonade blew it to "smithereens" long before the assault. The interior of the Malakoff, and the evidences of the conflict, might be described in nearly the same words as that of the Redan. The defences, traverses, embrasure covers, and subterranean caverns, were most wonderful.

We now rode down the steep slope in rear, and visited the Karabalnaya from that side. A long

high wall shut in the dockyard; but we found the gates open, and as there was not a soul moving about, we entered. The docks of Sebastopol are so well known that I need not describe them, except to say that they are on the grandest scale, and were in splendid order. They were dry when we visited them—the flood-gates being shut. We had had some intention of making a minute inspection of them, but, truth to tell, we began to be somewhat uneasy at our position. On each side of this dockyard the Allies had constructed a rocket and shell battery, and the firing had been brisk all morning; but within the half-hour before we got down, there had been a constant whizzing of rockets; and now they were shooting away overhead, like a display of fireworks, from a battery just outside the wall. Rockets and shells are interesting and beautiful objects when seen at a safe distance, or when not coming in your direction; but this feeling is a little changed when they are coming direct to you. The Russians had taken little heed of the annoyance at first, but now they were returning the fire, at the rate of a shell every half-minute. Of course, they did

not mean to annoy two solitary men riding in the dockyard; but just as we began to think the place was too hot for comfort, a Russian shell, burning its fuse before it got to its destination—the battery outside—burst over our heads, and the desolate walls of the dockyard resounded and re-echoed, as if a peal of thunder had rolled overhead. So we at once turned tail, and, without delay, galloped out of the place.

We rode along the wall till we came to the barracks, and saw the devastation which had been caused by the fire of the day before. Poking about the ruins of the part which had not caught fire, we looked about for some things to increase the comfort of our tents in the event of our making a long stay in the Crimea; but most of the fittings had been carried off from the gutted buildings. I, however, tore off a short beam with some hat-pegs, which I afterwards tied to our tent-pole, like a cross-tree, and it was very serviceable. We also again visited the hospital, and, as the walnut presses and wardrobes were still lying about, Maunder and I set to, and, with some labour, unscrewed a number of brass

hinges, which we carried away, with the screw nails. With these we made hinge-lids to our wine boxes, and got the loan of a padlock, so as to have a secure place for our drinkables.

On returning to Camp to dinner, we found that Dr. Macleod had come back again. He had been away at Smyrna on sick leave since the middle of August, having had a bilious attack.

2nd October.—Cowan and I, remembering that this was the anniversary of the meeting of the classes in the Grammar School of Glasgow, resolved to hold our "class dinner," in the usual way at an inn. There is a restaurant lately got up near Cathcart Hill, where any meal can be got just as in a hotel at home. So we ordered our dinner there. To make the party more formal, we got Scott, Maunder, and Macleod to join. So we had our "class dinner" in the Crimea; and in our glass of port, remembered "the Brae," "Mr. M'Millan," formerly classical master in Glasgow High School, and "absent class-fellows."

After dinner, as we had old stories to discuss, the others left us; and Cowan and I went to Cathcart Hill, where we sat down, and began to

recall our last meeting, and other things. What a strange place to have this meeting! Cowan and I were both pupils of Mr. M'Millan's, but in different classes; and at the dinner of 1854 he and I had been appointed a committee to consider the propriety of uniting the two dinners. Strange that on the subsequent anniversary, we were unexpectedly compelled to unite the classes to form a class dinner at all!

It was quite dark when we reached the "Hill." The bombs of the adverse batteries were rising pretty frequently from each side, and rockets occasionally. It was a beautiful sight to see this display of fireworks in the dark. We could see the fires of the Russians on the Inkerman heights, and the roll of the drums at the "call home," was quite distinct. As we made our way home, we were frequently challenged by the sentries, "Who goes there?" "A friend." "Pass friend." It was curious to see the dull lights in the numerous tents we passed.

3rd.—General Markham returning home in ill health, a sale of his effects took place to-day. We all went down to the sale; some capital

horse-trappings, &c., being all in good order, fetched high prices. We soon left this for a more exciting spectacle in the plain of Balaclava —viz., the horse races, got up by the Light Division. In the middle of the plain, an immense concourse was gathered of every different regiment and corps—and of every one of the Allied troops. A race-course was marked out with flags, and a kind of stand at the winning-post, where "Crockford" had established a hut for selling wine. A pair of scales to weigh the riders was there, and everything in the most approved jockey style. The riders were officers of the Light Division—and really the get-up of jockey caps, jackets, tights, and boots was wonderful. We saw two races, and it was most exciting. The racing was excellent.

After the races a dog-hunt was got up. They chase about a dog till it becomes frantic, and then whipping it off, away it goes, and the whole field helter-skelter after it. A poor substitute for a fox-hunt.

4th.—News having come, of an expedition from Balaclava to some part of Russia, on the north

shore of the Black Sea, G. Macleod got liberty from Dep.-Inspector Gordon to accompany it, as he had no duty in the General hospital, the staff being filled up. He therefore left Camp to-day, and joined the expedition to Kinburn. Numerous reports were in circulation as to what the army was to do next—but the only authentic information we could get, was from the "General orders" which were published daily at head-quarters. This information, however, was very vague—only consisting of definite orders, and giving no reasons. From these we learned, that an expedition of several regiments was to embark at Balaclava, but with what object we did not with certainty learn till the arrival of the *Times* from London.

Cowan's cousin, Lieut. Black, was to embark with his regiment—the 42nd, but he did not know to what destination. Before Black left he did Cowan and me a great service. Our clothes were beginning to get worn out; so he procured us a bit of 42nd tartan, and we got the tailor of the 14th to make us a pair of trews, which were the wonder and envy of all our colleagues.

Dr. Cowan of the 55th—a friend of Scott's—also did us the favour of providing a pair of ammunition boots, which were a vast addition to my wardrobe.

I formerly gave an outline of the routine of a day's work; and I may here add, that if our duties kept us at the hospital all day, as they sometimes did, the tedium was relieved for an hour or two by listening to the regimental bands. There was a large open parade-ground before the hospital huts, where the regiments were inspected, and here the bands of the 14th and 39th played regularly. The 14th was an excellent band, and on Thursday there was a full concert at three o'clock. The officers all turned out; they came from all parts of the Camp.

In the evening, too, at seven o'clock the light corps played; on fine moonlight nights we used to go and listen to it. Enlivening and inspiriting, though less refined, was the fife-and-drum music, which was played every night at eight o'clock, to call in the soldiers who might be strolling about.

By this time the weather had settled into fine,

clear, autumn season. Fiercely hot during the day, when the sun was high; cool towards evening; cold, sometimes bitterly, after sundown; so that we were glad to have a plaid for an extra coverlet. The country was looking beautiful. The rain of the middle of September had refreshed the ground, and we were in a second spring. We had crocuses growing in our tent under the beds.

5th.—Captain Dennis, a young officer of the 3rd Buffs, severely wounded on the 8th, having died of his wounds, was to-day buried with martial honours. He was much esteemed.

6th.—With Maunder I rode across the plain of Balaclava, and visited Kamara, a small village on the hills opposite the plateau. As we went along the Woronzoff road, we had the camps of the French and Sardinian armies of the Tchernaya on our left. The Sardinians were certainly the finest-looking troops in the Crimea. They had not been long in the Crimea, and were therefore fresh and vigorous. Their costume was not soiled with much trench labour, and it was more durable in colour than the gaudy coats of our men, or the brick-dust trousers of

the French. They have a complete suit of dark grey, or green, and look very serviceable men, as they proved to be in the action on the Tchernaya. The Bersaglieri especially were very smart-looking troops, with their dark green tunics and cock's-tail feathers in their peaked hats. They seemed to have encamped themselves very snugly for the winter, many being quartered in neat turf huts well thatched. The ground they had camped on was well adapted for that sort of hutting.

Kamara consists of a few scattered houses on a hill overlooking the Woronzoff road. Beyond the village, on the hill-side, is camped the Highland Brigade. A prettier spot for a Scotch camp could not have been chosen. On one side you look down into the valley of the Tchernaya, on the other into a wild glen, finely wooded, with plenty of low brushwood, and wild flowers growing on all sides—reminding one of some Highland glen. Before we came to that part of the hill where the tents became visible, we were wandering about among the shrubs, admiring the view, when, all at once, the droning of a bag-pipe

burst on our ear. We soon found a few pipers practising the pibroch. Large bodies of fatigue parties of Highlanders were employed in cutting down the brushwood, which they stacked for fuel; and thus they cleared a space for wooden huts, which were being brought up from Balaclava for their winter quarters. The whole army, being released from the duty of fighting, was employed in making comfortable snuggeries for the winter—wooden huts, which were arriving from Britain, with numerous useful contrivances brought out of Sebastopol.

In returning to our Camp, we rode along the whole length of the aqueduct. It begins near Kamara, and runs along the northern slope of the heights. It forms the boundary of our advanced posts towards the Russians. All along it, is a line of entrenchments, with batteries of field-guns at distant intervals, where it could most easily be crossed, and particularly at the bridge of Traktir. The upper half of these trenches were under the charge of the Sardinians; those between the bridge and the plateau were defended by the French—principally Chasseurs de Vin-

cennes and Zouaves. We observed the men in the trenches at their meals, and were particularly struck with the mode of preparing coffee. Much was said about our men having "green coffee beans" served out to them at first. That was long over; and tea and ground coffee were now served out. But even now the French soldiers had their coffee—a very much prized article by them—served out in the *raw bean.* We saw the whole process. They roasted the bean in a kind of tin basin over a fire of a few sticks—one man evidently cooking for the whole company. When properly roasted, the beans were ground by the simple expedient of placing the basin in a depression in the ground, and using the butt-end of the musket as a pestle.

By the time we reached the plateau it was dusk, and before we got well into the middle of our Camp it grew pitch-dark. Often have I felt the difficulty of finding my way in that maze of tents in daylight; at night, unless you are on one of the beaten roads, it is next to impossible. Maunder, however, had great faith in the instinct of his pony, which had been in the Crimea for

many months; so we laid the reins on our horses' necks, and allowed them to choose their own way. To my astonishment, they proceeded without the least hesitation, and, after poking along for more than a mile, through places I could not recognise, and into some very queer localities, they came to a watering-place, where they coolly stopped to take a drink, and then went straight on, till we found they had stopped at their stables.

I may here state that a Crimean stable at this season was a very primitive affair—consisting, in most cases, of a peg stuck in the ground, and a halter to secure the pony. Some few had a bit of canvas, by way of cover, stretched across four poles. Some dozen of ponies were kept together in a sheltered spot behind the hospital, and one or two men, who went by the name of grooms, had charge of them; and this collection of men, horses, and harness was called "The stables."

Each officer, besides his own rations, was entitled to an allowance of hay and barley for a horse; so that the only expense in keeping a pony was a small payment to the groom. As the Renkioi men were only on temporary service,

we did not think it necessary to keep up a full "stud." Cowan bought a fine chestnut pony; Maunder got the tough old grey, from G. Macleod; Scott got a mount from Dr. Cowan, of the 55th; and I got one of them on the day that the owner was orderly. I was to take Cowan's from him when he left for home—of which he had already given the required three months' notice. The pony had belonged to one of the Naval Brigade, and was sold the day he left (2nd October). I could not buy it when it came up to be sold—having only £8, or so, left of my money, and no pay to be got. So Cowan paid for it in the meantime. I hoped to get supplies in a few days, from some friends who were coming up to visit us from Dardanelles. Through some mysteries of the "circumlocution office" I had been kept applying for pay since July; but, for some unaccountable reason—which I forget, but never understood—I had received no pay since I left London. Cowan's funds were by this time at a low ebb, and Maunder could only count in shillings. All were looking eagerly to a remittance from head-quarters at Renkioi.

Scott was wofully short of clothing, and in a great state of envy at our 42nd trews.

7th.—Being orderly of the day, I did not quit the hospital. Went to chapel; being the only officer present, I had to read the responses almost alone, the men giving only a mumbling grunt.

8th.—A beautiful day. Cowan, Scott, Maunder and I, visited the Monastery again. We had two ponies, and walked and rode in turns.

I formerly described this beautiful spot; and I have only to add, that since I visited it before, some precautions had been taken to secure the buildings from the effects of the very violent storms which sometimes blow over the Black Sea at this time of year. Every one remembers the awful gale which wrecked the "Prince" last autumn. Some few days ago we had been visited by a very severe gale, and to guard against any mischief, the huts had been fastened down with very strong cordage. Some damage had been done, the roofs of one or two of the huts having been carried away as if they had been paper. Strong stays had since been placed over the roofs of the others, so as to avoid a like casualty.

Some effects of this storm were seen away inland at our Camp. A new-comer often suffers from his ignorance of the effects of the weather on a tent. Cowan and I were very careful of the condition of our tent-ropes. When the weather is dry and breezy, the ropes should always be kept tight, the canvas may be kept stretched like a drum-head. If it lies loose the wind flaps it like a flag, and this is very apt to shake out the pegs with which it is staked down. But the ropes must always be slackened at night if there is no wind, because the dew, which is copious, will cause the canvas to shrink and so pull out the pegs. In wet weather the ropes are slackened, and altered to suit any change. One can get on well enough without troubling much about this altering the tension; but it is quite impossible to keep the tent smart and trig without constant attention to it. As our tent was always a model one in our own opinion, we always looked to the weather before turning in, and felt at our tent-ropes. One of the Smyrna surgeons, doing duty in Camp near us, was put into a woful plight from

want of attention to this before the storm spoken of. When we rose that morning to look at the weather, we saw poor Mr. Hulke in vain endeavouring to collect and keep together his scattered effects. The rain had so stretched his tent-ropes, that the pegs had been quite loosened, and the wind had blown down the tent, and away flew all his articles. When the rain moderated in the morning, the floor of his tent was a mass of stiff mud like the ground all round.

To return to the Monastery. We put up our ponies in a kind of shed outside the buildings, and tried to clamber along the face of the cliffs to endeavour to reach the shore at the bottom. While I was crawling along a very steep part, by which I hoped to reach a more gentle declivity, my foot tripped against something, and I was nearly sent rolling down into the Black Sea. Turning to see what had obstructed my progress, I found my foot had caught against the wire rope of the telegraph to Varna. It was here laid along the face of the cliff, and entered the sea just below where

I was. It was scarcely covered with earth here, indeed in some places it was bare. I looked carefully, and found my foot had done it no injury.

Finding the descent much too steep and dangerous, and also that we were in the direct line of the minie bullets of some French riflemen, who were practising near us—of which latter we were advertised by a monk who was observing us—we left that spot and entered the Monastery. It was a glorious bright day, and the view from the terraces was a most enchanting change from the Camp. The perfect stillness of the place; the charming gardens on the terraces; the rich fruits on the banks below; and the perfect glassy calmness of the sea, stretching away out into the horizon, made up a gorgeous panorama. The heat was so intense, that we were glad to make our way down the winding path to the shore, where we were soon revelling in the luxuries of a swim in the Black Sea. Being thereafter appetised, we sat down under shelter of a rock, and had a kind of picnic. We had brought a bag of biscuits, cheese, cold

meat, sardines and jam, and, with a bottle of sherry, we did not amiss. We were sore tired when we reached home; but it was a delectable excursion.

9th.—Went to the French bazaar, in the Woronzoff road, for some things. The French bakers make nice white crusty rolls, which we are glad to buy as a change from our ship biscuit and brown bread. We can sometimes get white bread at the canteens, but it turns sour in a day, and Cowan has great misgivings as to its purity, and sticks to the hard, leathery biscuit. And really, when we take time to devil them, they are palatable, but dreadfully hard and severe on the teeth. So a French roll is a god-send—only we have to go about three miles to the nearest "boulangerie." Most of the luxuries are to be got at a more moderate rate from the French—coffee, sugar, pickles, sardines and candles. As it got dark at six now, one candle to each in a fortnight was not sufficient. So we bought sperm or composites, and we got them cheaper at the French canteens. A canteen is just a store for the sale of all sorts of eatables,

and certain of them are authorized to sell spirits and beer. They are marquees, and are coloured green to distinguish them from hospital marquees —or those of officers of rank.

One or two of the huts at Woronzoff bazaar are not unlike those of the "cheap Johns" at a country fair. They had every sort of commodity you could think of; and when we went in, it was difficult to keep from buying. Knives, forks, spoons, pans, cork-screws, needles, and thread, buttons (in great demand—hardly a shirt had half the orthodox number), paper, pens, &c. &c. I bought a large rough, hairy "gregot" or çapote —a coat with a cape—for use in the rainy and cold season.

10th.—There was some unusual excitement about our part of the Camp this morning. A fatigue party and a lot of Turkish scavengers were busy from an early hour, getting the roads and drains snodded up. The hut used as the kitchen was newly white-washed. On visiting our patients, we found both the night and day orderlies in attendance, and evident traces of scrubbing, and lime newly laid on the earthen

floors of the huts. The meaning of this was soon evident from a Divisional "Order." "The medical officers of the General Hospital in Camp, are requested to remain on duty all day." And soon we heard that all this preparation was on account of Mr. Stafford, M.P., whose philanthropic exertions were well known, and who was to visit our Camp to-day; and the hospital huts were being prepared for the visit —Dr. Mowat, our principal medical officer, being very anxious that Mr. Stafford should be able to report favourably on the state of the hospital.

He came about noon and stayed two hours, examining the whole arrangements. We were afterwards told that he was surprised at the completeness of every department. What a contrast to six months before!

In the afternoon Maunder and I rode through the French camps, on our right, to the field of Inkerman; and, through the redoubts that now guard that position, on to the hill up which the Russians came. From this we had a fine view of the head of the harbour, lying still and peaceful. Also of Inkerman—the city of

Caverns—on the cliffs opposite, and the Mackenzie heights.

In riding about, one often wonders who the superior officers are, who pass along. Sometimes we met a brilliant staff, but rarely did we find out who the chief was. One thing we knew, that rarely if ever was General Simpson, or Marshal Pelissier, to be seen going about in state. I know I saw General Simpson once. He was riding in undress through our part of the Camp. He was accompanied by about half-a-dozen others, two of whom were Americans on a visit to our Camp. The only distinguishing mark he had, was a curved sabre in a brass scabbard. By this I distinguished him on another occasion. Pelissier generally drove about in a phæton. A curious thing it was to see a carriage and pair, scouring along over the fields and bumping over the stones, when there was no made road, where he wanted to go.

11th.—With Maunder visited Kamiesch. A ride of about eight miles along the rear of the French army. There are good roads, many of them made by the French. The country has

little interest, being nearly flat, with here and there a farm-house in ruins. As we got near to Kamiesch, we met numerous canteen proprietors coming up with mules laden with stores. They were generally women, Vivandieres, who certainly are not the interesting and romantic individuals one sees in a play or an opera. They were, however, dressed in their "traditional costume," and at a little distance were very picturesque on their smart little ponies, which they ride after the manner of the male sex.

Kamiesch is a village of scattered wooden huts built along the banks of an arm of the sea. The bay is larger than that of Balaclava, but the beach is shelving, and the water shallow for a considerable distance. The fleet of transports is therefore anchored a short way from the shore, and only a few vessels at a time can come in to the wooden quays which have been built. A great part of the cargoes is taken ashore in boats. At a part of the harbour, appropriated to the Admiralty or Ordnance wharf, immense quantities of warlike materials were stored up. Also, a huge depôt of coal and of fire-wood. The

country here being flat and even, the huts are arranged regularly, and are more spread out than at Balaclava; so that although great numbers of men and officers were going about, it has not the bustle and activity of our port of debarkation. There are the same sorts of stores of all kinds, and particularly some large cafés and wine shops. It is a characteristic of both the French emporiums, that they have numerous stores of nick-nacks of all sorts; from complicated beds and chairs down to gaudy shirts, clothes, and even trinkets. At Kadikoi and the stores near Cathcart Hill, the British canteens had mostly eatables and drinkables, and such articles as saddlery, horse-cloths, blankets, &c. This difference was as striking as that between a village on the Seine, and one in England. But it was productive of this advantage, that if a Frenchman wanted a substantial draught in the colder weather, he could go and buy some XX bottled stout at Kadikoi, while we occasionally had an agreeable change by getting some claret at the French "debits." The port and sherry at Balaclava, and the claret and brandy at

Kamiesch, were just about the same in price as at home.

On returning to Camp in the evening, we found that Drs. M'Laren and Beddoe, from Renkioi, had come up on a visit to us. We got them some bedding, and made up a couch for them in the operating-hut, where they lodged very comfortably. They brought up some money for Scott and Maunder; but it seemed that my affairs had got into some confusion, between the purveyors at Scutari and Dardanelles, and so I got none.

12th.—Cowan had been complaining of lumbago for some days, and to-day is feverish and unwell. I stayed with him, and tried to procure him some comforts. By requisition, I got a fowl for his sick rations; and when Hird brought it to me, to see how I would have it cooked, the bird nearly flew away—being still alive. One stroke of a knife severed its head, and the place was soon covered with feathers flying about. I told Hird to make some chicken-soup; but he had to go on duty this day, and I explained to the orderly he left to do his work, how to make the soup. At two o'clock I went to the kitchen to get the

soup, but what was my dismay, on asking for it, to have pointed out to me a huge pot, on a fire of sticks. On taking off the lid, I saw water to the depth of two inches at the bottom of this cauldron, and in a retired nook the wretched skeleton which had crowed in the morning, now a mass of bones, with something like shreds of tow clinging to them. The idea of presenting this as a delicacy to a sick man was so irresistibly ludicrous, that I burst into laughter, and had the whole affair carried to our tent, where Cowan was in bed. The pot in which it was boiled could certainly have held a good-sized pailful. The sight was enough for poor Cowan; for, though I bailed out some moderately good soup, he would not have it. However, the laugh did him good. I next tried my hand at manufacturing calves' foot jelly. By requisition, I got some cakes of gelatine, and, with boiling water, sugar, sherry, and rum, made some that was not amiss. This he partook of; what remained was devoured at dinner with avidity by the others, who were not accustomed to see such a dessert every day.

13th.—Along with Scott and Beddoe, started

at twelve for a ride up the higher valley of the Tchernaya. We took the road, formerly described, to Kamara, which then keeps along the banks of the river, during its descent from the higher ground beyond. Here, for the distance of two or three miles, the scenery is of the most beautiful description—bearing many resemblances to a Scotch glen. The Tchernaya is here a mountain-torrent, forcing its way among the gorges of a narrow ravine, which cleaves the hills behind Kamara. Through this, torn up into endless cataracts by the rugged masses of rock which oppose its progress, it foams and boils with a deafening roar, and at some places bedews the whole road with spray. The sides of the ravine, and the banks of the river, are clothed with brushwood, ferns, and wild flowers; and if one could exclude the soldiers and Turkish waggons which now and then pass along, it would be easy to conceive oneself somewhere about the Pass of Lennie, or Killicrankie. While riding along this pass, we met a Russian deserter, who had come to Baidar during the night. He was miserably clad, and looked very ill-fed; and

if the rest of the force be in the same state, it would be an easy matter for our troops, in their present prime condition, to master them. He was accompanied by a guard of French soldiers, who occupy the country in this direction. On this road also we met several foraging parties, who were employed in cutting down and carting away supplies of fire-wood.

When we had ridden several miles through this Highland scenery, all of a sudden the road, by a quick turn, emerged from the glen, and we entered upon a broad, perfectly level valley, clothed with the richest verdure. In the centre, the river flowed in a winding course, and here and there were clumps of large trees, so that the whole valley looked like an enormous lawn. Towards the further end of the plain we observed some tents of the French outposts towards Baidar. In the middle of the valley, close to the river, is a cluster of houses—the village of Vernoutka. Here we called a halt, to rest the horses and examine the place. In halting for a rest, we usually only loosened the saddle-girths, and if there was plenty of grass, staked the pony; but often we allowed

it to go free, and to prevent it running off, fastened one end of the bridle to the girth, or fetlock.

Vernoutka is a hamlet of some thirty houses or so. These are built like the Syrian and Asiatic houses—little square towers, with small holes for windows. The inhabitants are of the poorest class, but many of them looked intelligent. They are of Tartar origin, and Mahommedan in religion. Even the humblest hut had two apartments, one on each side of the door; one for the women—the härem, the other for the men; though in practice the sexes seemed to mix as with us, at least out of doors.

Beddoe, who has a taste for ethnology, and had picked up a few words of the Turkish language, contrived to enter into conversation with a patriarchal old fellow, and we were shewn his house; and finding that we were there for curiosity, we had the *entré* to many of the others. Beddoe, who was a bit of an artist, took some sketches of the natives, while I indulged in a loll on the fresh, green grass; and a small crowd of little Tartar children gathered round to look

at the "Johnny" at his rest. Finding myself the object of as much curiosity to them as they to me, I took a sandwich, and began to eat; and by offering little bits to them, I had them round me, in great delight. Some of the natives came and looked on with great satisfaction. They seem a simple and primitive race. The natives of this valley afterwards left the Crimea for the Dobrodscha, before the Allies returned home. The women wear the yasmak common among the Turks, although they have little beauty to conceal—judging from some whose face-covers had fallen down.

The French outposts have pushed on beyond Baidar, some miles farther up the valley, but we had not time to go on any farther.

14th, Sunday.—Stayed in hospital. Orderly.

15th.—Cowan continuing in a poor state, not very ill but weak and spiritless; resolved to leave for home at once—his three months of "notice" having expired. I rode down to Balaclava to make enquiry as to the sailing of transports. On the way down, I had leisure to notice the immense preparations for the ensuing

winter. Certainly the commissariat was determined that the troops should have no wants in future. And this just shewed that it wants but some stimulus, to develope the prodigious resources of our little country. Huge mountains of coal and firewood had been collected at several spots, perfect forests of sawn timber for erecting wooden houses, and immense sheds full of corn and every kind of necessary.

I think the victualling of the Allies is one of the most wonderful facts about the siege of Sebastopol. From Autumn 1854 to near the same time 1856—nearly two years—there were not less than 300,000 men encamped on that space of about eight square miles. Not a particle of food or firewood was to be got on the spot, and every necessary, of whatever kind, had to be carried across the Black Sea, and landed at Balaclava or Kamiesch. And had peace not been restored in 1856, the Allies had accumulated such a mass of the material of war, in men, ammunition, artillery, and supplies, that the next campaign must have been a rapid march through the Crimea, with

the Russians in retreat before them, the Allied troops pouring in on them from all points—Sebastopol, Kertch, Eupatoria and Kinburn.

In Balaclava, I found at the transport office that the "Ottawa" was to sail on Wednesday. I met Cowan's cousin, Black, who had not yet sailed on the "expedition."

16th.—I rode over to "Head-quarters" about Cowan's passage. Dr. Hall I found perfectly ready to assist; but as Cowan's "leave" had not been put in "general orders," he would require to wait till an order was procured in the formal way. He therefore gave me a note to the "Quarter-master," and after waiting some time I got the document, which was to provide for a passage. I had to go back again in an hour or two for the paper, after it had gone through the routine of several offices, in each of which some new initial was added to it.

In the afternoon, the prospect of getting home had so brightened up Cowan, that he and I paid a farewell visit in company to Cathcart Hill, where once again we went over many of the eventful scenes we had witnessed since we left home.

17th.—Cowan, thinking he would be too much fatigued by riding down to Balaclava, we procured an ambulance-mule to carry him. On each side of a strong mule, is swung a couch with a cover or awning, so that the sick man can lie—or if he likes, the couch can be folded up like an arm-chair. When there are two sick men to balance each other, the driver leads the mule, but as there was only one, the driver sat opposite to Cowan, guiding the animal with the reins; Maunder and I rode down in company.

Not having succeeded in getting any money as yet, I could not pay for Cowan's pony, and I was reluctantly obliged to allow it to be sold to Dr. Lakin—Cowan needing the money for his passage home from Scutari.

Maunder and I did not set off till the mule had started some time; and when we came up to it, about three miles from Camp, we were not prepared for the singular mode of progression which the animal had adopted. As is well known, a mule is an animal of great sagacity but of equal obstinacy. It appears that all had gone on well for a couple of miles, but some-

thing had then occurred to cause a slight skrimmage between the muleteer and his beast, in the progress of which the animal seems to have become aware that his driver was not at his head, but seated on the pannier; and so the mule at once took his own way, and indulged in a series of motions, no doubt amusing to an onlooker, but far from pleasant to poor Cowan. Irritated beyond toleration by the spasmodic evolutions, Cowan adjured the muleteer to control the animal; so, pulling with all his might, to bring it to a stop, he got the head all to his own side, and so round went the mule. The more he pulled the more the brute came round: so here they were gyrating like a windmill, but not advancing a single step. Annoying as it was to Cowan, words cannot convey the ridiculousness of the position. I nearly fell off my pony laughing at it. Here was the driver, whipping, pulling, shouting; Cowan imploring him to jump off, even though the whole affair was overbalanced and fell to the ground—preferring to run the risk of being crushed or kicked, to having his brain reeling and giddy; and through it all the mule grinding

away in a circle, as if practising for some performance at a circus. When we came up, of course, we at once put a stop to it; and I took the couch opposite Cowan, to leave the muleteer free to lead the animal, and the motion was then quite smooth, for these animals never miss a step. My pony was led behind. Captain Heathe, who has charge of the harbour, at once gave us the order for the "Ottawa;" and I saw Cowan safely on board, on his way home. Dr. Lakin did not make his appearance; so, as no money could be got, the pony was transferred to me. The vessel was not to sail till next day, so I promised to ride down and say farewell then.

Maunder and I then rowed out to the "Tartar," which had come in with new stores; and we laid in a fresh supply of malt liquors, which we transported to Camp, on Cowan's ambulance-mule.

That night, in the tent, felt very lonely. I had got Cowan's bed removed, and purposed to have the tent re-arranged next day for my own further campaign.

18th.—On riding down to Balaclava to bid

farewell to Cowan, I found that the ship had cleared out early in the morning, and had already sailed. Calling on Mr. Jenner, purveyor, and Dr. Murray (formerly in China), with whom I was acquainted, I was asked to stay to dinner in their hut—along with Dr. Leared, from Smyrna. In the interval, Leared and I visited the castle and sanatarium on the hill, which guards the entrance to Balaclava. A deep ravine separates the hill on which they stand from the town, and the road winds up this ravine.

At Balaclava there are three hospitals. The General Hospital is situated on the hill-side at the top of the harbour—conveniently placed for receiving invalids previous to embarkation. There is a pier at not more than a stone-cast from it, where the sick and wounded are easily shipped. In consequence of this advantage, patients are sometimes sent there for a few days before being sent to Scutari. Part of the hospital is an old stone building, but the principal part consists of huts recently erected. The situation is good for winter quarters, but the position it occupies renders it suffocating in

summer. Shut in by the high cliffs of the harbour on all sides, the sun beats directly on it; and it is perched, as it were, in the focus of a concave mirror, of which the sides are formed by bare rock, and the bottom by the absolutely smooth water of the harbour. This establishment was not kept filled, but was capable of receiving a large number from the others on any emergency. Sailors and civilians were eligible for admission.

In striking contrast to the last is the Castle Hospital, called *the* sanatarium *par excellence.* Situated on the ridge of the lofty crags which bound the entrance of the harbour, it is fanned by every breath that blows; and, as it stands well out into the sea, it is justly considered the most healthy of all. A stone could be dropped into the sea from the edge of the precipice on which the parade is formed. A deep ravine, up which the road winds, separates the hill on which it stands from Balaclava on the land side; on the other, the precipice goes plumb down into the roadstead beyond the harbour. The old huts are much worn out, and are in great

part replaced by new ones, more calculated to stand the gales and piercing winds of winter. They are built of double planking, with a small interval between each layer of wood, are heated with stoves, and have well-fitting doors and windows. They have about 20 beds each. The number of patients who could be treated here is about 400, but the situation was thought so good, that gradual additions are constantly making. The change from the Camp to this sanatarium was often productive of great benefit. Fevers, which were followed by lingering convalescence, were more rapidly cured, wounds put on healthy action, and generally a short residence here was found to be productive of the same benefits that change from town to coast or country is known to have in civil practice. The sanatarium of Balaclava is, therefore, a very popular hospital. Miss Nightingale made this her head-quarters during her stay in the Crimea.

The third is the General Hospital of the Naval Brigade, under the superintendence of Dr. Smart It is situated on the side of a ravine, leading

down to the west side of the entrance to the harbour, and is, therefore, opposite the hill which is crowned by the sanatarium. A very narrow path skirts this side of the harbour, the hills coming down to the water very abruptly; but the hospital can be approached by water—a gentle ascent leading up the ravine from that bend of the creek known as Cossack Bay. It consists of six or eight huts, and occasionally received sick from the Camp, but was principally intended for the sick from the ships of war lying in and off the harbour, and the marines who were camped on the hills behind Balaclava.

I saw Miss Nightingale returning from a visit to some part of the Camp. She resided in a hut on the hill-side.

Polychrone, the Greek servant, had not completed his *cuisine* when we returned for dinner, and his masters—Jenner and Murray—vied with each other in heaping on his head some choice English maledictions and threats. Poor fellow! he seemed to me to be doing his best; but they insisted that he was an idle scamp. It was quite dark when Leared and I left Balaclava;

but the night was pretty clear, and, by scanning the dim outline of the heights of the plateau, I was fortunate in hitting on the bridle path through the Guards' camp, which cuts off, at least, a mile.

On lighting my candle, I saw that the post had come in, and that two letters were lying for me—a most unusual occurrence. One was in Dr. Andrew Anderson's hand-writing, and at once filled my mind with misgivings. The other was from my brother, and both contained the same intelligence—that my father had had a severe attack of rheumatism, and was quite disabled. In consequence of this, and a request, in both letters, from my father, that I should hasten home to take part of his duty during the winter session, I resolved, at whatever cost, to leave the Crimea, and return home without delay. Acting on this determination, I at once went to Scott and Maunder, and told them; then to Dr. Smith, the local head of the hospital; then to Dr. Lakin, to whom, on the spot, I sold the pony—now twenty-four hours my own property. In acting thus, I was quite aware that I laid myself open to some animadversion; besides leaving the Crimea when

I had just got all things arranged for a longer stay, and made arrangements for staying afterwards at Renkioi. I had signed a paper binding myself to the Government service during the war, with the option of resigning on three months' notice, in which case I lost the bounty-money of half-a-year's pay. However, I resolved to act, and having done so, proceeded to make the most of my position.

I rose betimes next morning, and packed up my portmanteau—preparing to leave if I could get away; and everything turned out just as if it had been expected.

I rode over to "Head-quarters," and, in a short interview with Dr. Hall, explained frankly to him my circumstances. Fortunately, the sick at the General Hospital were much reduced in numbers, and the staff was large enough without me to undertake the duties. He gave his consent to my leaving, and was so kind as to undertake personally the preparation of my "Order." This was of much importance to me; for, though one gets an "order" to Captain Heathe, at Balaclava, passengers must always give way to sick and

those "on duty." Dr. Hall, knowing this, and my anxiety to reach home without delay, got my "order" made out for "the first vessel," and put it "on duty"—an act of kindness which I shall not easily forget. It takes hours—sometimes days—to put such an "order" through the routine; but Dr. Hall invited me to sit down in his hut, and in a few minutes returned with the "order" all ready; and, bidding me adieu, he advised me to get down to Balaclava as soon as possible, as a ship was fitting out to-day.

On returning to the hospital, I found the surgeons mostly aware of my intention to return home. Drs. Mowat and Smith kindly offered to get me a baggage-mule for my luggage; but, fortunately, a large number of men were being invalided home this day, and some of them—my own patients—were glad to take charge of my portmanteau in the ambulance-waggon to Balaclava.

I sold some of the tent furniture, and left the rest; and Scott came down with me to Balaclava. He remained on the wharf, in charge of my luggage, till I made a last acquaintance with the

mysteries of the "circumlocution office." I got my "order" from Captain Heathe; but I resolved to try and get some money before I went home, as I had got none since I left London in May. It was three o'clock when I began to look out for Mr. Carpenter, the purveyor, and the pay-office shuts at four. I ran about from place to place, but could not find him. At length I fell in with Dr. Hall, who was down seeing after the sick being shipped, and he directed me. I need not go over all the obstacles I had to overcome; but when at length I came out of the office I had with me an order for pay. It was past four now, and when I got to the pay-office the pay-master was locking up his desk. On my urgent representation, however, he opened it again, and I came off with a pocketful of new sovereigns. I bade adieu to Scott, and was soon on board the "Bahiana." The steam was up, but it was too late to clear the harbour till next morning.

However, here I was, in eighteen hours after receiving a request to return home, on board the steamer in which I was to leave the Crimea; and that not in spite, but by the aid, of the most

formal regulations of military routine—a very marked proof of how much one year had done to break down "red-tapeism," and substitute common sense and expediency.

Next morning I went ashore early, and posted several letters to the various officials to whom I should make known my resignation, one home, and one to Sir James Clark to apprise him of my coming back. M'Laren, of Renkioi, had kindly undertaken to manage my affairs there when he returned; and as I now had plenty of money, I left some with Dr. Murray at Balaclava, for the pay of Gibson, my servant at Dardanelles. Having thus arranged my affairs as well as the few hours permitted, I quitted the Crimea.

At noon, we were steaming out of the bay of Balaclava, and had a fine passage on a brilliant day.

21st, Sunday.—A clergyman, who had been chaplain at the Monastery, conducted the English service in the cabin,—all the officers and some of the crew present. It was amusing to see the motions of the audience as they stood at the

proper places, when the vessel gave a lurch as it sometimes did. There was a gentle swell, and again the weather was very fine.

22nd.—When I rose this morning, I found we were gliding down the Bosphorus. The palaces, minarets, domes, pillars of white marble glittering in the sunlight; the gardens and cypress groves relieving their dazzling brilliancy. Repetition only increases the feeling of delight in that fairy scene.

At half-past eight, we dropped anchor at Scutari, and Captain M'Donald, D.A.Q.G., who came on board for despatches, announced that our steamer, the "Bahiana," was to sail for England to-day at four. I at once got into a caïque, and landing at Scutari pier, made my way up to Victoria House, where, as I anticipated, I found Cowan in Aitken's rooms. Here I got letters from home, which, although they fully relieved my mind as to the result of my father's attack, and told of his progress to recovery, also shewed the necessity of my getting home without delay.

Cowan had not been the better of the gyrations

and rotatory evolutions on his way to Balaclava, and the passage had not improved him; so he was used-up and listless. He had purposed going home by the Messageries Imperiales steamer in a day or two, after getting a rest at Scutari; but, finding I was now on my way in the "Bahiana," he agreed to come with me, so that we might go home in company, if a passage could be obtained for him. I at once undertook to procure that.

With this view, I called at the office of the Quarter-master-general; but, Cowan not being military, he said I would require an order from the commandant. Lord William Paulet had been superseded by General Storkes, as commandant at Scutari, and I at once went over to the Barrack Hospital and waited on the General. He is a kind, but shrewd and determined-looking man. He listened with perfect attention, while I stated Cowan's case in a few sentences, and said he could do what I wanted, if I could satisfy him that the Renkioi men were entitled to a passage home. I offered to get Cowan's papers; and having gone back and procured them, at another interview I

shewed him them. He then gave me the "order." This I got countersigned at the Quarter-master-general's, and then returned for Cowan, who packed up his things; and taking a final leave of Scutari, we went on board the "Bahiana." Aitken came with us; so, leaving Cowan on board, he and I went to Galata to get the "order countersigned at the Admiralty," without which it would not have passed current.

The day was far spent when this piece of business was concluded; so I had barely time to get to the old German's near the bridge, where I got a cargo of Broussa wine to take home, some tobacco, pipes, &c. By the time we got on board once more, the steam was up; and pledging Aitken in a draught of champagne, we bade him adieu, and so left Constantinople.

CHAPTER VI.

FEW incidents worthy of note occurred during the voyage to Malta. The "Bahiana" was a large and handsome screw-steamer, belonging to the South-American S. S. Company. Captain Green was a pleasant, jolly man, who did the honours of the table with credit. The passengers were almost all invalided or wounded officers. There were about thirty. Those who were seriously wounded had a state-room to themselves, so that the most had to be made of the rooms. I had got a berth along with a youth, Lieutenant Deerden, in a state-room ; but we had given it up to Captain Ryder, R.N., at Scutari, to oblige Captain Green, and, along with Cowan and four others I occupied the ladies' cabin. Hung from the roof of our cabin was the crucifix used by the priests to lead the Russian soldiers

up to the batteries before Sebastopol, which was captured by our men from the Russians, and by some extraordinary process fell into the hands of our ship's captain. (A picture and description of this trophy will be found in the *Illustrated London News* of November or December, 1855.)

The arrangements of the ship were as follows,—breakfast at half-past eight, luncheon at half-past twelve, dinner at four, tea at eight; and we were always ready for the meals. Where they got, and how they kept, such supplies of geese, ducks, and fowls, is a mystery. We had to order our own wine, but, as it turned out, Cowan and I did not pay for ours.

23rd.—Passing through Dardanelles—Renkioi Hospital well seen, the tinned roofs glittering in the sun.

24th.—Gentle breeze—no motion—passed some rocky islands and quite close to Cape Angelo, southernmost point of Greece.

25th.—Out of sight of land. "Spoke a ship" by signals—"The Jason."

26th.—Still calm. At ten p.m., we steamed into the Admiralty harbour of Valetta. It

was a brilliant moonlight night, and the lofty battlements of the Maltese fortifications had a splendid appearance. In the harbour were several "men-of-war," and other vessels. Scarcely was our anchor down, when boats containing naval officers in full dress came alongside. We learned that there was a ball that night, and the officers had come away to meet friends and hear the last "news" from the Seat of War. We heard that the Peninsular and Oriental steamer was to sail from Malta for Marseilles in the morning.

27th.—Cowan and I resolved to leave our transport, and go home through France, as it might be a considerable time, in the October gales, going by the Straits. We therefore got a boat to row us round to the Quarantine harbour, where the P. and O. boat was lying. It was a tough pull for the man and boy—the swell coming in very sharply, and breaking on the rock which separates the two harbours. We found the "Alhambra" lying at anchor, and no signs of going off. She had to wait for the Overland Mail steamer from Egypt, which was due this morning; but as it was not in sight,

we were informed that they would not sail that day. We got berths, and were allowed to stay in the vessel till she sailed.

We, however, went ashore for a day on the land. Cowan had been here before, so he at once went to Duneford's hotel, where we had breakfast; and met old Dr. Scott at his breakfast at the same table, and in the same place, as Cowan had seen him six months before. We then walked about Valetta. Malta has been so often described, that I need not take up much time with it. The town is crammed full of people. Immense numbers of naval officers "en route" from the Crimea, the Naval Brigade having been broken up. Met some of those I had seen in the Crimea. But of all the things one sees in Malta, what makes the strongest impression is, the mass of monks and beggars. On a rough calculation, I should say that in every ten persons there is one monk or beggar. The monks are very disgusting-looking men, worse than any I ever saw—oily, nasty, and unclean. As for the beggars, they seem to swarm by profession. You will see them in three or

four of a company, and they lie about, seemingly without much care. They are very wretched looking. Valetta is a curious place. The people one meets are of every nation and tongue—the British and native population predominating.

Every one has heard of the Cathedral of St. Giovanni, with its Mosaic floors and the tombs of the Knights Templar. Our next visit was to the Passport Office for a Visa; then to the Military Hospital, where I found my friend and former pupil, Mr. Marston, who did not know me in my Crimean toggery. He was glad to see us, and accompanied us the rest of the day. We visited the wondrous fortifications, and the grand old palaces—the former abodes of the Knights of Malta. The view from these battlements is very grand, and shews the vast strength of our Mediterranean stronghold. After some shopping, we were glad to sit in a sheltered spot in a confectioner's at our ices, while we looked at the people passing.

While taking dinner at a *restaurateur's*, it became very sultry, and by the time we got near

the place where we could get a boat, it began to rain and thunder with great violence. The way to the beach is by a tunnel, cut through the huge walls of the city—so long that in the middle it is nearly dark. The landing-place is below the level of the streets; so this tunnel is a continuous flight of steps, called the "Nix Mangiarë," or "Marsamuscetta" stairs—a frequent lounge of beggars, and all the while we were taking shelter from the rain the begging was going on briskly. Such a torrent of rain was falling, that the steps were converted into a series of cascades.

On getting on board the "Alhambra," we found that the rain had been accompanied by a squall so sudden that the vessel slipped her anchor-chain, and was nearly stern-on to the rocks. She was caught up, however, in sufficient time, and no harm was done, although the incident was the source of some good-natured chaffing of the surgeon and chief engineer against the mate, which still was going on when we got on board. The mate was an intelligent, superior man. The captain, who in that Company is "Grand Seigneur," was ashore. The surgeon was a most extraor-

dinary man—got up in youthful naval toggery, although he was about sixty years of age. His name was Dr. Templeton; and he was formerly Professor of Materia Medica in the University of Aberdeen. He was constantly soliloquising—"Nubia is the land of roses!" Mr. Butcher, the head engineer, was a true Scotchman—a Glasgow man—who still retained the firm conviction that "there's no place like home," and maintained the superiority of Glasgow over any other city. He was taciturn and caustic; and though he did not often answer the flippant and loquacious surgeon, when he did, his reply was good and telling. At tea the chaffing was renewed, to our infinite amusement—the three living on good terms, but in a state of "armed neutrality," ready to take advantage of anything which could be used as a "*casus belli*."

28th, Sunday.—Along with Dr. Templeton and Mr. Butcher, took a boat and went ashore. They were going to the Presbyterian chapel, in connection with the Free Church, and I accompanied them. There is a handsome church belonging to the Church of England—"Queen

Adelaide's Chapel." The church we went to was a very plain meeting-house. It was well filled, with a respectable congregation, among which was a division of Maltese constabulary. The preacher was not the regular minister, but a young man, whose conducting of the service did not, in my opinion, contrast favourably with what I had heard at Therapia and the Crimea. However, it was pleasant to hear the old Presbyterian form of worship.

After taking a cake at the confectioner's, Dr. Templeton recommended a drive into the country, and offered to accompany me. So we engaged a vehicle of the place—a most extraordinary conveyance. The driver ran alongside, and pulled and whipped the horse—now-and-then getting up on the shafts, as a carter does in our country. It was a two-wheeled affair, like a swung gig.

We drove out to Citta Vecchia, which is situated near the centre of the island. The country has few features to interest one in the way of landscape. The whole of the fields are in terraces, supported by stone walls, so that sometimes

nothing is seen but a series of these walls. The little square, tower-like houses are scattered sparingly about, or collected into little hamlets. The road runs along an old aqueduct supported by arches, which is many miles long. When you view a large extent of country, it looks dismal and apparently barren; its extreme richness of soil can only be appreciated when you examine one field quite beside you.

Citta Vecchia is an old city, with very little of interest in it. There is the gloomy old cathedral, the church of St. Paul, where is a grotto which was inhabited, Romish tradition says, by St. Paul for three months. The streets are seemingly deserted, and I suppose every visitor to the city must exclaim as I did, "Where are the people?" The contrast to the crowd in Valetta is striking.

29th.—On rising this morning, we were delighted to find that the steamer "Ava," from Alexandria, had arrived—gales in the Red Sea having detained the mail.

She anchored at the other side of the bay, and by the quarantine regulations, her crew were not

allowed to communicate with the Maltese. Her passengers are not permitted to visit Valetta; but for the purpose of letting them purchase the jewellery and corals, for which Malta is famed, a bazaar is got up near to where the vessels anchor, and there they may make purchases. The Overland passengers from India came on board the "Alhambra," and then we set off. By the time we were ready to weigh, a number of the well-known Maltese diving-boys had gathered in their little punts, to earn some pieces of money. They are certainly expert divers. If a piece of money is dropped overboard, they will dive after it, and secure it with unerring certainty. Sometimes two will dive after the same piece, then often ensues a wrestling under water for it. We could see them fighting in the water away many feet below the surface. One great fellow swam under the steamer for a coin that was dropped on the opposite side. All the time they were above water, they kept up a continuous begging in broken English, and the jargon was something like this—"Aw! zare (sir)—y-aw zare! Heave zare, for dive zare; heave zare, for dive

zare!" "Vill go under de sheep (ship) zare, aw-zare!" and so on uninterruptedly.

We steamed out of the harbour at eleven. The "Alhambra" was a very smart and fast-sailing vessel, more like a yacht than passenger ship. The berths were all taken up—many of the passengers were from our former vessel; some dozen having joined from the "Ava" from India. Some of the Indians spent the whole time in play, and heavy gambling went on.

30th.—A stiff breeze blowing this day, Cowan kept his berth, and I went on deck to enjoy the sea and pay the penalty of keeping the erect posture when the ship is rolling. The sails were all set, and we were snoring up into the wind's eye, a foot of water on deck at our lee gunwale. Although I had the "*mal de mer*," one of the crew brought me up some dinner; and, on a second attempt, I was rewarded with success. After that I had no more sickness, and enjoyed my food. And in truth, the victualling on this line was sumptuous. You pay for passage and victualling in one sum; and the *cuisine* is excellent. It serves to make the time pass at sea to

have many meals; so there is breakfast, luncheon, dinner, tea, and supper — the first at half-past eight a.m., the last at nine p.m. All wines and liquors are included in the fare.

31st.—Passed through the Straits of Bonifacio. The weather broke, and it came on to rain heavily. Numerous water-spouts round us at a short distance. The wind nearly a-head; it is all the pilot can do to keep the sails full.

November 1st.—At six p.m. we anchored in the harbour of Marseilles. Cowan and I repaired to the Hôtel des Colonies, where we took a substantial supper, and then visited some of the handsome cafés for which this town is celebrated.

Next morning we took the rail to Paris. The railway takes Crimean "heroes" at half-fare, so we had a cheap ride. Arriving in Lyons at ten p.m., we dined and then continued our course, and reached Paris, pretty well tired out, about five in the morning, and got quarters in the Hôtel de Rivoli. It was a wet, cold day; but we did what was required—got our passports 'visé-ed, visited the Exhibition, dined at Very's, and retired early, having need of a good rest.

4th.—Paris to London *vid* Boulogne. Found Dr. Steele, of Guy's Hospital, waiting for us at the station, as we had sent up a telegram from Folkestone on our arrival. I telegraphed home that I was in England, and ready to come to Glasgow at once. In return, I learned that my father was so far recovered as to be able to open the session on the 6th, and I was expected to commence my course of lectures on the 7th.

5th.—Called on Sir James Clark, who quite coincided with my movements, and gave me the documents I required towards completing my dealings with the War Office. Had a long chat with him on the affairs in the East.

6th.—To Glasgow, where I arrived at eight p.m., and found my father better, and was received with a hearty welcome home.

So ends my "Six months in Her Majesty's Service."

CHAPTER VII.

THE preface of a book is usually put at the beginning; but, as many pass it over, and begin at the first chapter, I have reserved to the end any explanations which may seem necessary. If any of my readers are sufficiently interested in the matter of the preceding chapters, to desire some information as to the nature of the commissions given to the civil surgeons, they will find in the few pages which follow, a concise statement of the circumstances which gave rise to the call of the Government for volunteers.

The winter of 1854, and the spring of 1855, will be an ever-memorable era in British history—memorable because of its disasters, as the autumn of the latter year will be for its successes. The allied armies of France and Britain, linked to-

gether in a common cause, to defend the weak against the strong, were lying before the great Southern fortress of Russia. The two Western nations—proverbially rivals and enemies—were joined together in thorough good faith to resist the encroachments of the Czar, and preserve the integrity of Turkey. But a long peace is not a good preparation for sudden war, and forty years of rest had reduced the art of warfare to theory and formal parade, at least in most regiments of our army. That the British trooper was the same as formerly, Alma, Inkerman, and Balaclava shewed; but the whole organisation of the army, from the regiment to the Horse Guards, had become effete. What wonder, then, that in a first campaign, the army should have experienced want and disease? It is easy now to see how matters might have been improved, but the marvel is, with things as they were, that the disasters were not greater. Forced unexpectedly to prolong the siege, winter came upon our soldiers, ere their batteries had produced any effect on the enemy; nay, the works of the besieged grew up with greater rapidity than

the approaches of the besiegers. Then the winter was of unexampled severity. The hurricane wrecked the store-ships, and levelled the encampments in one day. Rain, snow, and hail, spread devastation around, effaced all landmarks, and converted the hardest roads into deep, stiff mud, in which many a poor man and beast floundered, and was drowned or smothered. Through this "slough of despond" the men had to carry shot, shell, and provisions, a distance of five or six miles; and, worn out with this, added to the fatigue of making and defending the trenches, great numbers perished, or were stricken down with disease.

Then what horrors presented themselves in the overcrowded hospitals! The state of Scutari will be a bye-word, for many a year to come; for, gloss it over as we may, the fact remains, that a large number of sick and wounded were destitute of proper clothing, bedding, food, and attendance; and many a brave fellow died miserably, unmissed and unheeded. And to what lengths this would have gone, no one can say, had not private generosity supplied the lack of

Government incapacity. The *Times* Fund supplied innumerable wants which would never have been imagined, and for a long time was the source of comfort to hundreds of the suffering. Then came that band of heroines, led on by one of Nature's own nobility — Miss Florence Nightingale — whose unwearied exertions soon made her influence felt over the whole of the vast establishment at Scutari, and order and regularity took the place of confusion.

In the Spring of 1855, it became evident to our Government, that if the struggle were prolonged, even for another campaign, among other changes in army organisation, a great addition would require to be made to the medical department. There were not sufficient surgeons to do duty with the regiments in the field, much less to take up the hospital service; and it was resolved to introduce a new element into the service, to have existence only during the continuance of the war. In order to free as many army surgeons as possible, a number of civil practitioners received temporary appointments, and were sent to Scutari, to do duty there; while the

military surgeons were sent at once to the Crimea. And as the hospitals on the Bosphorus were found so inadequate, during the previous winter, a new establishment was formed at Smyrna, entirely composed of civil men. The Smyrna hospital was only intended as a temporary one, another on a grander and more complete scale being organised, to be built somewhat nearer the Seat of War.

The formation of this establishment was committed to Sir James Clark, Bart., Physician to Her Majesty. Dr. Parkes, of London, and Mr. Brunton, civil engineer, at once proceeded on a tour of inspection to Constantinople; and, after a lengthened survey, fixed on a spot on the shores of the Dardanelles as the most eligible for a site. Materials and workmen were immediately sent out, and soon a large hospital grew up within a few miles of ancient Troy. The appointments to this hospital were eagerly desired by young surgeons, who could loose themselves for a time from their home duties, and were soon filled up. On my intimating to Sir James Clark my willingness to go out, I immediately received a commis-

sion as surgeon. I was appointed early in May, but, as the hospital was then only in process of formation, I was allowed to proceed out to Constantinople in any way I chose. I therefore took the opportunity to travel out by the north of Italy, the Adriatic, the Gulf of Corinth,, Greece, and Smyrna.

For various reasons, I was only a short time at the hospital to which I was appointed. The work progressed slowly, for want of sufficient labour, and it was autumn before it was ready to receive the sick. Besides, the health of the troops improved remarkably, and the hospitals at Scutari were, for a time, sufficient for all who were sent down from the Camp. With the consent of my superior officers, therefore, I visited the Crimea shortly after my arrival, and also the principal spots of interest on the Bosphorus. No sooner had I joined the hospital at Dardanelles—convalescent from a fever—than I heard of the want of surgeons at the Seat of War; and, along with some others, volunteered to do duty in the Camp, where I was attached to the General hospital, and remained there until, from unforeseen

circumstances, I was obliged to resign my commission, and return home.

The foregoing volume contains, in the form of a diary, the principal occurrences during my stay in the East. It may be divided into three parts. First, notices of the manners and customs, and of our mode of life, at Constantinople and the Bosphorus; second, at Dardanelles; third, in Camp, in the Crimea.

The second of these has been noticed very shortly, because I was not long at Renkioi, and because, in a report to the Secretary of War, published by Dr. Parkes, our superintendent, the whole history and details of the hospital are given.

I have purposely avoided introducing any medical details, as being unsuitable for a journal of this kind, which is simply intended to convey an idea of our mode of life. The volume is principally a personal narrative, and therefore it is necessarily egotistical; but, along with this personal detail, I have endeavoured to introduce observations on manners and customs, which are often more interesting when thus brought under

notice, than in more formal works. Finally, the book, as now given to the public, may be accepted as a small contribution towards the most eventful part of British history since the battle of Waterloo.

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